The Outlook

Volume 138 December 24, 1924 Number 17

Three Rings in Washington

WASHINGTON is the most misunderstood city in the world. Popularly conceived as placid, leisurely, easy-going, it is really all or any of those things only in its off-seasons. The wide streets, tree-lined, the proximity of everything to parked places where one may know the feel of springy earth beneath one's feet, the chaste-appearing buildings—these simply produce the placid impression on the visitor, casual and occasional. Those who become acquainted with the capital know that Washington is never itself except when it is "fighting mad."

Just now Washington is itself again. It is in the characteristic mood of having its temper stirred at least three ways at the same time and indulging in that number of fights simultaneously. Usually Washington is, roughly speaking, divided half and half on every fight. Senators or Representatives, comrades to the death in one fight, are at the same instant stabbing at each other's hearts in another fight. Casualties, naturally, are heavy.

These statements apply, primarily, to Congress, but practically everybody else is involved in the august acrimony of that tempestuous body—the representatives of a thousand diverse interests, and the newspaper men. In short, Washington, in proper form, is a continuous three-ring circus with every acrobat, clown, pony, and dog performing in all three rings at the same time.

Just now (except in the Christmas recess) the three rings are the Muscle Shoals Bill, the Postal Pay Bill, and the naval dispute.

The First Ring

CONGRESS is on the point of enacting legislation for the operation of the gigantic power plants at Muscle Shoals, on the Tennessee River in northern Alabama, a development into which the United States Government has put approximately $135,000,000. If a bill is passed before this is printed, it almost certainly will be the Underwood Bill, which might as properly be called the Coolidge Bill. It provides for the leasing of Muscle Shoals for a term not exceeding fifty years under guaranty that the lessee will produce, after the plants are fully in operation, not less than 40,000 tons of fixed nitrogen a year, this nitrogen to be used ordinarily in the manufacture of fertilizers for the farmers of the United States at prices which shall give the lessee a profit of not more than eight per cent on the reasonable cost of manufacture. When the Government needs the nitrogen for war purposes, the required 40,000 tons a year is to be used in the manufacture of explosives, and the Government may take over the operation of the properties on five days' notice whenever an emergency arises.

The lease is to be executed by the Secretary of War, and if no corporation or individual qualified to operate the plants properly is found by September 1, 1925, then the Government is itself to operate the plants through a corporation organized by a commission of five persons named by the Secretary of War.

The bill pleases the farmers as they are represented by organizations in and out of Washington. It does not please certain prospective industrial users of water power, mainly in the regions contiguous to Muscle Shoals. There are those who say that, after the Underwood Bill is passed, Henry Ford will make another offer to President Coolidge and that it will be accepted. There are others who say that the nitrogen-fixing end of the lease will go to the Hooker-White-Atterbury people and the use of surplus power for industrial purposes to the Alabama Power Company. Now both Henry Ford and the Alabama Power Company have their ardent enemies. Probably the firm of Hooker, White, Atterbury & Co. have some, too, but they are not so much in evidence.

The Second Ring

IN the second ring of the Washington circus is the fight over the Postal Pay Bill.

At the outset that was hardly a fight at all, it was so one-sided; but now it is one of the most earnest battles that Washington has seen in many a day.

When President Coolidge vetoed the Postal Pay Bill, giving practically a uniform increase of $300 in postal service salaries, he insisted that if the pay were to be raised Congress should provide immediate revenue. The bill is now on the calendar awaiting a chance to come to a vote on the question whether it will be passed over the President's veto. The Muscle Shoals Bill and the Isle of Pines Treaty have rights to prior consideration. Meanwhile the Committee on Ascertainment of Costs in the Post Office Department, after three years of investigation, have made a report. In this report it is alleged that the cost of transporting newspapers and magazines is $60,000,000 more than the revenue from the postage which the newspapers and periodicals pay at second-class rates.

Publishers disagree wholly with the conclusions reached by the Committee, because, as they assert, the methods of estimating costs and estimating receipts are unsound. It is impossible, it is claimed, to isolate the revenue from second-class mail matter; for a great deal of the revenue from first-class matter is caused by the circulation of printed matter at second-class rates. Moreover, there is no adequate allowance made for the cost of matter distributed free, and no proper apportionment of overhead cost to the various classes of matter. The subject is a technical one and is not easily understood.

Like Postmaster-General Burleson under the Wilson Administration, Postmaster-General New suggests an increase in second-class postal rates; indeed, he suggests an increase in all classes of matter excepting letters. Inasmuch as he never favored the bill granting a general increase of pay for postal employees, he has no reason for pressing through his recommendations for meeting the cost of such a bill. He believes that the salaries of some employees should be increased, but is opposed to a blanket increase.

The whole question of postal rates should be considered in the light of the Post Office as a social agency. If the Post Office Department treated the transportation of mails as a purely commercial affair, apportioning rates according to cost, the effect would be disastrous. Letters sent across the continent, or from the Eastern United States to

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the Hawaiian Islands, for example, would no longer travel at the expense of other letters, but would bear high rates of postage. A bond of the Nation's unity would be broken. If rates were determined according to service, there would be no reason for making the Post Office an institution of the Government. Every question concerning the Post Office should be simply a variation of the one single question, What will best serve the welfare of the whole people?

The Third Ring

IN the Washington circus the third ring is occupied by the combatants in the naval fight, Congress being on the one side and the Navy Department and its friends on the other.

Congress has never treated the Navy with the intelligence that the subject requires. This is not strange, since an understanding of naval affairs in detail requires a training which Representatives and Senators have not received. Except when frightened into some spasm, Congress has usually been frugal and sometimes stingy in making appropriations for the Navy. But what is worse, Congress has tried to substitute its judgment on technical matters for the judgment of men who know more about such matters than Congress can ever know. On the other hand, of course Naval men are apt to want more money for the Navy than it needs. Every specialist believes that his own specialty is the most important thing in the whole Government. If he did not believe that, or something like it, he would not be a good specialist. Congress, of course, cannot be governed by the enthusiasm of all specialists. It is the right of Congress to determine the naval policy of the country—whether we shall have a Navy, and, if so, how big a one; it would be a bad day for the Nation if the naval or military policy of the United States passed out of civilian hands; but, having decided upon the policy, Congress ought to trust the judgment of those who know most about the means of carrying it out. All naval authorities of any consequence, we believe, agree that our Navy is ill-balanced.

It is reported that in this controversy the President, guided by Secretary Hughes, has sided against the Navy Department and the naval experts. We do not believe it, and will not without better evidence than the reports of newspaper correspondents. It may be true that the President has made it clear that he wants no action that would look like the renewal of a Navy-building race in classes of ships outside of the Naval Treaty; but the President cannot have changed his mind since he made it clear in his Annual Message that he believed in maintaining the Treaty ratio; and he cannot believe that without believing that the capital ships authorized in that Treaty should be supported by auxiliaries sufficient to make them effective.

On one aspect of our naval policy we comment in an editorial on another page.

The Business of Being a Farmer

THE first posthumous report of a Cabinet member in recent years is in the hands of the President. It is the annual report of Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace, who died during the last days of October. The letter of transmittal, signed by the Acting Secretary, who was Mr. Wallace's Assistant Secretary, Howard M. Gore, serves as a reminder that the hand of death has lain heavily upon the Administration at Washington during the past four years.

This can be said of the report of Secretary Wallace, now dead, as it would have been said in these columns if he had lived—that it is marked by complete candor. There is in it nothing of pretense, nothing of promise beyond the likelihood of performance, no undue laudation of achievements, no concealment of unpleasant facts. This last work of Secretary Wallace, done with ample data before him and in the spirit of frankness that characterized him, appears to leave little room for doubt that the farms of America have been hard hit in the past few years. He says:

"Actual farm operators, after paying interest on borrowed capital and rent on rented farms, may earn approximately 2 per cent on their own capital investment in the crop year 1924. This compares with a loss of 3.1 per cent in 1920, a loss of 1.4 per cent in 1921, and a profit of 1.5 per cent and 1.4 per cent in 1922 and 1923." We should like to see a comparison of these figures with the average earnings of industry during the same period.

The Secretary's figures show a gradual improvement through the four years, though the margin of earnings in 1924 is still pitiably small. And, to make sure that the measure of improvement is not overstated, Secretary Wallace says: "These returns are made, however, on a capital valuation that has been scaled down. Thus the real gain is not as large as the apparent gain." Secretary Wallace maintained to the day of his death the truth of the assertion he had so often made, that the hard state of the farmers was not due to unwise investments and poor business judgment.

During the three years and seven months of his incumbency of the Secretaryship Mr. Wallace never offered any remedy for agricultural ills; he offers none in the message made public after his death. He knew, perhaps better than any one else in official life in Washington, that a panacea was not possible. He did, however, favor export marketing legislation and other measures which went beyond the views of the Administration as a whole.

The agricultural situation, as the report makes clear, shows an improvement which may be expected to continue. It is made equally clear by the report, however, that this improvement has as yet reached only a part of the various classes of farmers. But it may reasonably be expected finally to reach the classes who have not yet felt any relief; and the task of finding means of relief, now in the hands of the President's Commission, may be easier than it was during the three years and more when Secretary Wallace tried to perform it alone.

In Memory of Woodrow Wilson

THE United States, on Monday, December 15, paid tribute to the memory of Woodrow Wilson. In some sort, effort was made to appraise and to express his achievements, his services, his motives, his influence in the world.

Though in his actual person somewhat aloof from the manifestation of affection, Woodrow Wilson inspired love which, in many of his admirers, amounted almost to idolatry. On the other side, his personality was such that he aroused antagonisms which sometimes manifested themselves in hatred, occasionally in petty spitefulness. Of this kind of man no expression at this time, or even in decades to come, will meet universal acceptance.

Yet the scene was, for all that, none the less impressive, the importance and the value of it none the less real. It brought back to the minds of many men of commanding position in American life

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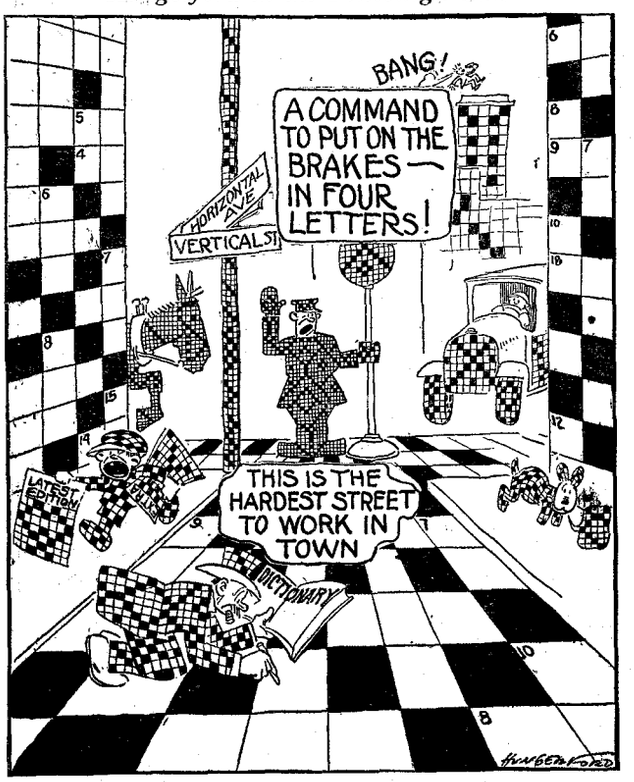
I'll cross it though it blast me

(Hamlet, Act I, Scene 1)

Hungerford in the Pittsburgh Sun



The cross-word puzzle epidemic

From Mrs. A. C. Cummins, Duquesne, Pennsylvania

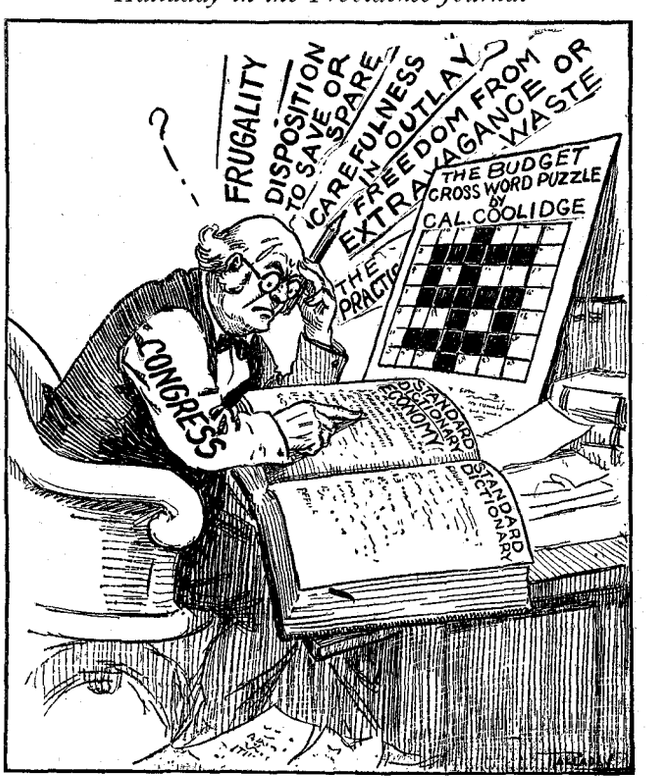
Reid in the Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Record

(C) The Bell Syndicate, Inc., 1924

Sure a tough one

From Arthur N. Rinehimer, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

Halladay in the Providence Journal



Hard for him to solve

From Harriet R. Northup, Providence, Rhode Island

Kuhn in the Indianapolis News

There's no puzzle about it

From H. Fosdick, Indianapolis, Indiana

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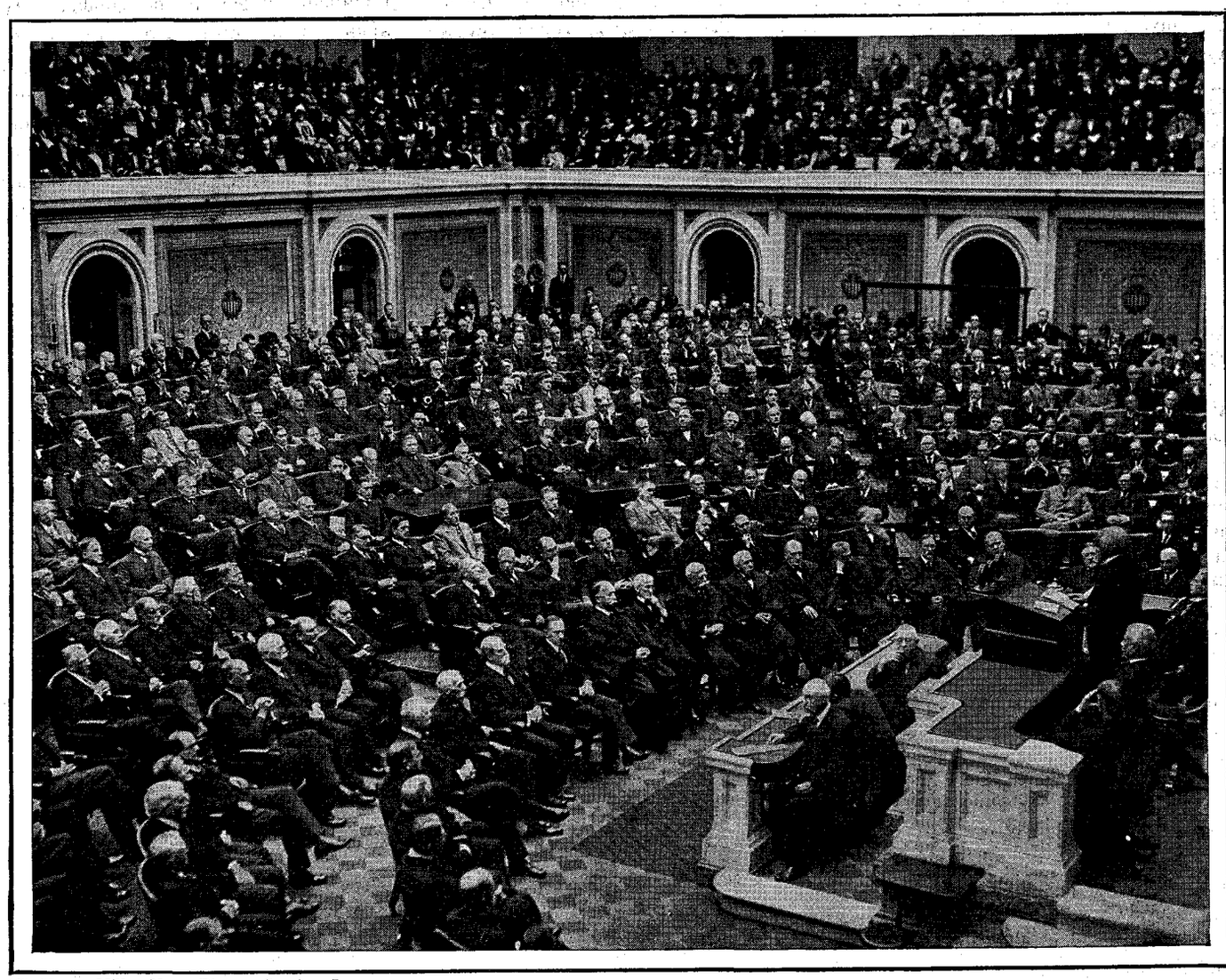

(C) Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc.

Events as impressive as this solemn spectacle have been few in the official life of Washington. The two houses of Congress were assembled in one chamber; the President and the members of his Cabinet sat with them; all of the Justices of the Supreme Court were present, and the three co-ordinate branches of the Federal Government, as embodied in the men who occupy the various offices, sat down together; the Ambassadors and Ministers of all the Governments in friendly relation with the United States—which are all the Governments of the world—sat with the representatives of the Government to which they are accredited; Governors of many of the States occupied seats in the chamber. Here was a conclave solely of men charged with the responsibilities of government. The galleries as well as the floor were officially filled. Except for the family and former official associates of President Wilson, no persons of private station were admitted.

memories of ordeals and triumphs that are now part of the fabric of our Nation. The exercises were held in the hall of the House of Representatives. The active participants in it stood upon the platform where Mr. Wilson revived the custom, for a century submerged, of personal address by the President to the Congress. It was from this platform that in the early years of his power President Wilson commanded the legislative forces of the Nation, in a manner rarely equaled by any other President, in the carrying out of a programme of domestic legislation of far-reaching and enduring importance. From this platform, in April of 1917, he read the Message which carried the United States into the World War; which gave the long-contested victory to the Allies and shattered the dream of German domination of the world. From this platform in the Capitol was proposed the programme by which our part in the World War was financed and under which our armies were raised and trained. Under the dome of this Capitol, after the war was won and when Woodrow Wilson was no longer the leader of the legislative forces he once had been, came the conflict over the Wilson policies which shattered the strength though it did not shake the purpose of the war President.

The ceremony at the Capitol consisted of a simple and dignified tribute to Woodrow Wilson from the President of his Alma Mater, Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman, of the University of Virginia. The significance of the gathering was chiefly to be found in its spirit and in the memory which it evoked of the tumultuous passions and issues of the war.

Honor to Owen D. Young

It has been an open secret that Owen D. Young is the member of the Dawes Committee who was chiefly responsible for the drafting of the plan which has brought the prospect of order to Europe. In recognition of his services a dinner was given to him in New York City on December 11. Among the speakers at that dinner was the Secretary of State, though he had to remain in Washington. His voice as it was transmitted by wire was heard through the loud speaker. And the voices of all the speakers at the dinner were broadcast by radio throughout the greater part of the United States. If there was anything secret about Mr. Young's part on the Dawes Committee, it is a secret no longer, for Mr. Hughes specifically referred to "the eminent and construc-

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tive ability and tact, rather I should say the genius, of Owen D. Young, which made possible the formulation and adoption of the Dawes Plan."

Mr. Young himself in his speech made clear the credit due to General Dawes. What he said about that is worth quoting. It is an honor not only to General Dawes but to Mr. Young, who paid the tribute:

> I remember some time during the first two weeks in Paris when the name of "Experts Committee" was gradually giving way to the name of "Dawes Committee," and when things did not look very hopeful, the General said, "Well, let them call it the Dawes Committee; some one has to stand up and take the garbage or the garlands." Let me say that at the time when the name "Dawes" became attached to the Committee it looked as if the bouquets would all be of the back-door variety. . . .
>
> It is not enough to manufacture a product, even a good product. It must be sold. The installation speech of General Dawes, which was published in full in the newspapers of all the principal countries of the world, created at once a change in the public opinion of Europe. . . . From that time on the Committee was no longer the "Experts Committee," it was the "Dawes Committee." The man with the pipe who was unafraid. . . .
>
> The Committee followed the best commercial and financial practice by having its goods sold before they were manufactured. . . . General Dawes was the sales department of our concern. . . . The other members of our Committee will testify that the greatest contribution of any individual member of the Committee was made by General Dawes.

In his speech Mr. Young made a plea for non-partisanship in foreign affairs; and he practiced what he preached by making as a Democrat this acknowledgment to a Republican Administration:

> In my opinion, the present Government has done everything which could properly be done to aid in the formulation and to insure the adoption of the Dawes Plan. Personally, being of a different political faith, I feel like killing the fatted calf.

Mr. Young's speech ought to be widely read throughout the country.

Shall Yablonszky Become Lincoln?

SHALL Yablonszky or Yotowitz or Winkowski become Dewey or Grant or Roosevelt or Washington or Wilson? Shall the new Americans with their cumbersome and unpronounceable labels be permitted to change them for names borne by great and distinguished Americans? Should a law be passed preventing people from calling themselves Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, Calvin Coolidge, or some such name?

There is a growing group, especially in societies requiring ancestry or historical precedents as requirements for membership, that would like to see the adoption of some kind of regulation. They do not wish to prevent people from adopting

P. & A. Photos

Owen D. Young, American financier, arriving in New York on the Homeric, November 20

new names—they admit that some cognomens are a great hindrance and unfitted to the tongue that uses English. But why, they ask, does a foreigner upon becoming a citizen assume the name of an illustrious or wealthy person? Why doesn't he take a little-known or common surname or invent one?

This name problem has been in court in three States. Several months ago one Walter Zushnit, of Philadelphia, advertised his intention to change his name to Walter Clayton French. Now it so happened that a man of this name was a prominent citizen in the Quaker City about half a century ago. He was the organizer of several large companies, a director in several banks, and a philanthropist of more than local reputation. When the day came for the granting of permission for change of name, an attorney representing a grandson of Walter Clayton French appeared in the Court of Common Pleas and entered a protest. Judge Willis Martin sustained the objection, ruling that, while the name of French might be adopted, it might not be preceded by Clayton.

A short time before this the Cabots of Massachusetts had appeared in a similar court in the same city to object to the adoption of their name by a new citizen. In this instance Judge Audenreid was unsympathetic, saying that he would consider it a tribute if any one were to adopt his name. But a contrary decision upon the same subject has been handed down by Judge Morton, of the United States District Court of Massachusetts. He said that old and historical family names might not be written upon the final papers of a naturalized citizen.

Judge Stickel, of the Court of Common Pleas of Essex County, New Jersey, has gone further. Not only did he frown upon the assumption of a historical name, but he rendered a decision saying that no name might be adopted which would hide "the race, extraction, or nativity" of the person in question. He ruled that a man bearing the name Witsenhousen might change it to Witsen, but not to Whitman, as had been proposed. Similarly Schedlein could become Schetlin, but not Shetland.

Snobbishness may have something to do with the name-stealing question—and this has been charged against the societies that usually stood behind the test cases. On the other hand, how would any one of us like some one to adopt his name to the last word and initials? As the law now stands, there would be difficulty in preventing it.

Good News for Elks

ANNOUNCEMENT comes from the United States Biological Survey that the Izaak Walton League has agreed to appropriate one hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of certain areas of land essential for the successful maintenance and extension of the United States Winter Elk Refuge in Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

For lo! these many years thinking

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people have been aghast at the authenticated reports, almost periodical, that elk are starving to death, literally by the thousands, in the region south of the Yellowstone National Park.

Under our methods of government such conditions were inevitable. Biological knowledge of the region and of the elk was not available when the Yellowstone region was set apart for a National Park. The scenic wonders were the primary reason, the protection of game was secondary. Our methods of "developing" the public domain also gave too little consideration to the game both as a public asset and as a source of strength to local communities. In the rush to "get something for nothing" much land was "settled upon" which never could be expected to support human life after the opportunity to kill wild animals for food and furs had passed. Under these circumstances, it was not long before the winter range for the elk was appropriated by the settlers' stock, and the question naturally and properly arose, Which shall have preference, the public's elk or the settlers' range cattle?

For many years in that region, as in others, countless people shamelessly killed the local elk for meat and wastefully for tusks to be sold to the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks. Respect for law was non-existent. Well-nigh every man carried pliers for drawing the tusks of the dead elk. To meet the situation, in 1912 the project was initiated of a special Winter Refuge for the Elk, which had from time immemorial resorted to the meadows and hills around the warm springs in Jackson Hole when the deep snows of each winter drove them down from their summer range in the high mountains, even as far as one hundred miles distant.

By purchase and by withdrawal of public lands open to entry, a headquarters in Jackson Hole of 2,700 acres was established, and large quantities of hay were cut and purchased and fed during the winter. Political pressure, however, made it impracticable to go as far as was needed for a complete remedy. Now, however, an agreement has been reached wherein consideration is given to both the cattle and the elk "interests." Each are to be limited. Cattle will be given recognition, but on certain definite areas the elk are to have "the right of way." It will restore to the public domain certain lands which have in good faith and with some success been acquired and developed by private owners, but which appear to be essential in providing a clear pathway over which the bands of elk may drift in peace and plenty into the Winter Elk Refuge in Jackson Hole when the winter snows drive them down from the high mountains. It will also provide for the cows a refuge during calving time. Thus, so far as is to-day practicable, the natural conditions may be restored by providing even a limited habitat suitable for meeting the requirements of their life history of the surviving band of 8,000, the remnant of the noblest fauna of North America.

Thus one more native animal is to be maintained under natural conditions.

Who will do the same for the prong-horn antelope and the sage grouse?

Pershing's Visit to Chile

IN connection with the Ayacucho centenary, it is interesting to note that General Pershing, after visiting Peru, will go on to Chile, Bolivia, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil. There is more than usual significance to this fact, the principal interest being that Chile is included in the itinerary.

Among the republics of South America, Chile always has been looked on as one of the most stable; in fact, in nearly a hundred years it has had but one "civil war." It was with somewhat of a shock, therefore, that the world saw President Alessandri some months ago forced to leave the country as the result of a "bloodless revolution" which put a temporary Government in power with some violations of the Constitution. The new Government is in process of being established, apparently under entirely peaceful conditions and with general popular support; for certain constitutional changes, especially one which would give greater Cabinet stability, were recognized as almost necessary to the political and economic welfare of the country.

The fact that the United States has not yet recognized the new Government in Chile, although continuing its diplomatic relations in a friendly informal manner, gives special significance to the visit of General Pershing to the South American republic. While he will not go as an official representative of the United States, dropping his ambassadorial rank when he leaves Peru, nevertheless the courteous call of this distinguished private citizen of the United States, whom it is almost impossible even in his private rank to dissociate from his high army position, will be considered in Chile as a most gracious act on the part of this Government. It will say to Chile, in effect, that the United States has a most friendly feeling to the southern republic and its people, and that, although it is not yet possible for this Government, because of the position it has taken in regard to governments set up by unconstitutional means, to grant formal recognition to the new Chilean régime, nevertheless the Government of the United States sympathizes with the aims and the desires of the Chilean nation in its efforts to reform its Constitution and thereby establish a stronger and a more stable state.

A Labor Chieftain

AT thirteen years of age Sam Gompers, English born of Jewish ancestry, began his life in America as a cigar-maker. At seventy-four Sam Gompers, as he was still known familiarly to hundreds of thousands of wage-earners, died in San Antonio, Texas. In the intervening years he spent his life in indefatigable, eager, constant effort to give workers higher pay, shorter hours, and better conditions. He was not a philosopher who could judicially consider justice for all, not a prophet who could see the approach of the time when wage-earners and capitalists would find themselves partners in industry under an industrial democracy; he was rather the partisan of an organization and the fighter for a cause.

Samuel Gompers died on December 13 after a short illness incurred during his visit to Mexico. He was there not on a pleasure jaunt, nor merely to be an honored guest at the inauguration of President Calles; but rather because he had been asked to encourage and help the Mexican Federation of Labor and inaugurate a Pan-American Federation of Labor. There was nothing that Mr. Gompers would not do, no effort he would not exert, to extend his idea of labor organization. Right in many particulars, wrong in some, the form of labor's mutual union for defense and offense is the product of Samuel Gompers's mind and heart. He may fairly be called the founder of the American Federation of Labor. What existed before that under Powderly and the Knights of Labor was not a National

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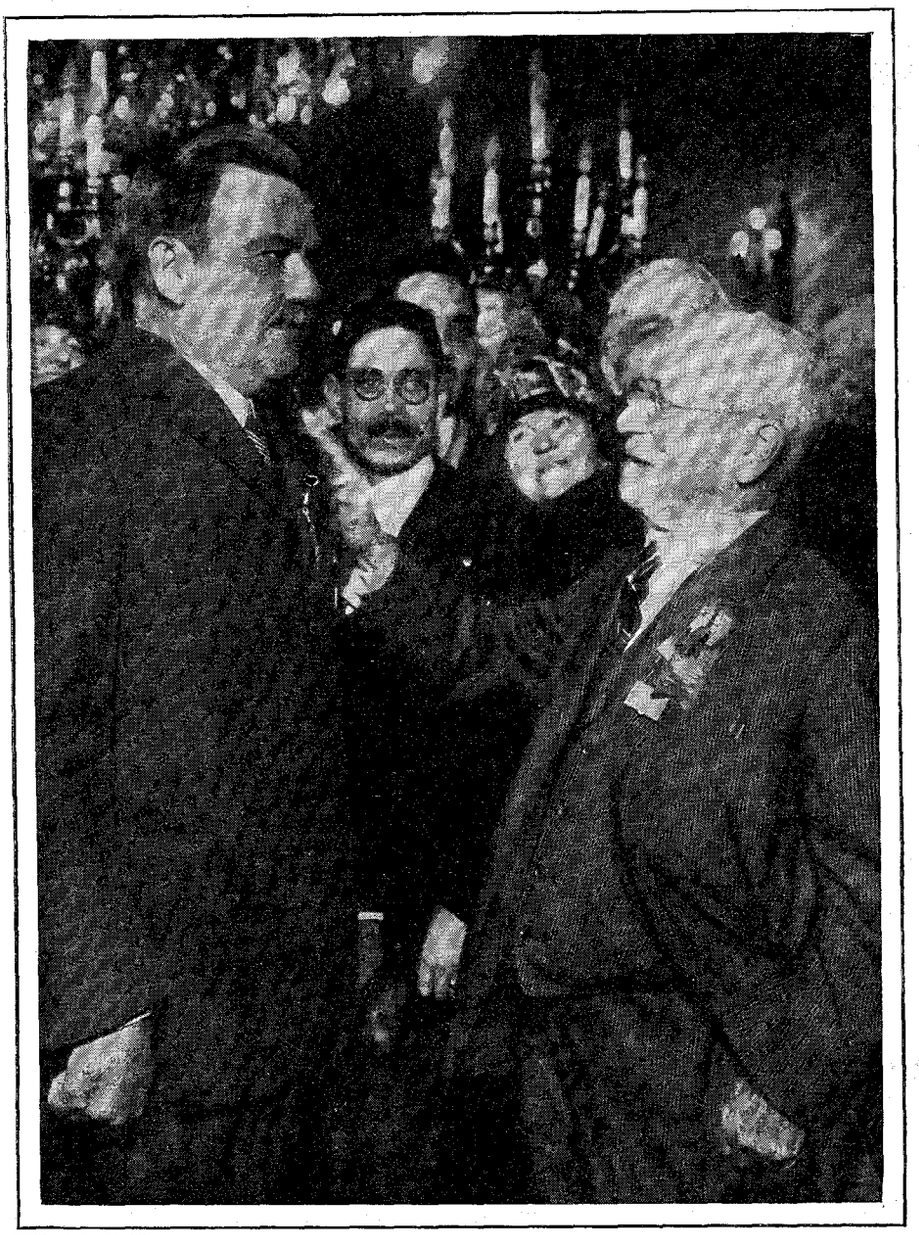

Wide World Photos

Samuel Gompers talking to President Calles, of Mexico—one of the last photographs taken of Mr. Gompers

organization, but disconnected groups of workmen striving for better conditions and better pay, not on a National scale but locally, by industries and not by trades. Mr. Gompers from the beginning advocated and built up the plan of local unions based on trade affiliation and not on industrial occupation—for instance, six plumbers working for wages in a cotton-mill under the Gompers plan would belong to the plumbers' union, not to the factory union, and plumbers' local and international unions all over the country would in a conflict support those six plumbers. There is still room for argument as to whether this is the best method of labor organization or not, but, at all events, under Gompers it was marvelously extended; and through the National meetings of all the trade unions as parts of the American Federation of Labor the possibilities of mutual support and mutual action were almost unlimited.

Gompers was a democrat, philosophically and politically speaking. He had no leanings toward Anarchism or Communism, and little, if any, toward Socialism. He despised and hated Bolshevism probably as much as any man in this country, and he rigidly repressed so far as he could the progress of Bolshevism among American workmen. He gave his best effort and his enormous influence toward upholding the idea of American democracy in the war time, and his last words, it is reported, were an invocation of God's blessing on American institutions, that they might grow better day by day. In political matters he was opposed to autocracy, but in the realm of industry he was something of an autocrat personally and he was perfectly ready to have organized labor act autocratically. He did not believe in a Labor Party such as exists in England.

His energy was extraordinary. He traveled many thousands of miles every year; he spoke to his followers almost daily. He was constantly engaged in public activities. He was instrumental, in some cases chiefly instrumental, in securing the passage of eight-hour laws and other laws fixing hours of labor, workmen's compensation laws, Federal and State, the Federal law excepting labor unions from the category of organizations that might be prosecuted for restraint of trade, the Federal law regulating the power of the courts to punish for contempt of court, the law creating the Department of Labor in the Federal Government; the various laws creating Labor Day as a holiday, and other labor laws.

There can be no question that the condition of workmen in America has improved immensely during the forty-one years of Gompers's control of their councils. It does not follow, however, that what may have been profitable to the workmen collectively in the past will or should be profitable in the future. Gompers all his life and up to his death was in that stage of economic thought that regards labor and capital as strenuous opponents, fighting each for its own advantage. He looked upon threats of strikes as most of us look upon military preparedness—that is, readiness to fight when not to fight means defeat and disgrace. As a matter of fact, he discouraged strikes unless in his judgment there was some great necessity, and he was wont to boast that only a small proportion of actual strikes were authorized by the Federation—for instance, at one time after the end of the World War he showed that out of three hundred strikes in the United States only sixty-two were authorized by the Federation. Often, while the Federation could not prevent "outlaw strikes," it could in the end bring the outlaws to reason. A notable instance of his opposition to unwise strikes was seen when he condemned the pressmen's strike in New York City in 1923 as "an awful blunder."

Samuel Gompers was firm to the verge of obstinacy. His power as a speaker was derived from his keen reasoning and forcible statement. There were any number of attempts to displace him from his leadership, but all failed. His idea

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of labor co-operation was directly opposed to the plan for the so-called One Big Union; for he laid emphasis always on the word "trade" in "trade unions." In the combination of alliances between trade unions he found a method of organization which could be carried to the extreme limit. The very fact that by this federal union enormous power was left in the hands of leaders of the several unions provided him with the powerful support that was the secret of his own power and the power of the Federation of Labor.

At times Samuel Gompers seemed indifferent to the opinions of the labor men he led. A merely cautious man would never have committed himself as he did during the World War and after to the foreign policies of President Wilson. Most wage-earners were patriotic and loyal Americans when the war was on, but there was an element in labor ranks that was not sympathetic with the aims of the country. Samuel Gompers disregarded the sentiment of such as these. He was no Ramsay MacDonald. And after the war, though few of the rank and file cared much about the League of Nations, Samuel Gompers ranged himself boldly on the side of the supporters of the League. In the recent Presidential campaign he was found, strangely, alongside of the Socialists as a supporter of La Follette. He tried to swing the vote of trade-unionists to La Follette and Wheeler; but he could not control the politics of those whose leader in labor matters he was; and yet after the National election he was chosen again the labor chieftain of those same men. He seemed to know the limits within which he could as an individual act with freedom. Inconsistent as he sometimes seemed to be, in one respect his consistency never faltered—he was always for his organization. Anything that threatened that he fought. Anything that promoted that he supported. He had no magic in his personality. He could not play upon the strings of emotion in his followers. But he believed in his organization, understood it, and mastered it. He was a leader because he could lead.

Samuel Gompers has passed away at a time when trade-unionism is about to undergo a new scrutiny. The very power which Samuel Gompers helped to bring to the trade union has raised a new problem for government. Samuel Gompers's successor will have to guide the Federation of Labor at a time when the people of the land are about ready to make clear to labor leaders, as they have made clear to capitalists, that they will not long tolerate any combination which throttles business or deprives citizens of things necessary to them.

Good Will and the Navy

AN editorial article in one of Japan's more influential newspapers, commonly considered not of the more sensational sort, has disturbed some people in this country. Briefly, it interprets the forthcoming maneuvers of the American Navy in the Pacific as "not timely." It assumes that the fleet intends to visit Australia, New Zealand, and then go to the Philippines. It declares that "if the United States fleet should proceed from Australia and New Zealand to the Philippines it may justly be looked upon as a bellicose action;" and it even asserts that the cruise of the American fleet to the Hawaiian Islands "in fighting trim will make the breaking out of war inevitable."

This sort of reckless statement ought not to be taken too seriously. It does not represent, we are convinced, any feeling or opinion in the Japanese Government. It was evidently produced for home consumption. If there is any official inspiration in it, it is for the sake of appropriations. Even in the United States this method of arousing public interest in naval appropriations has not been unknown. Those in Japan who have resorted to such means have employed the British Singapore base as an argument. When that argument failed because the British Labor Party abandoned the project, Japanese of a demagogic turn of mind had to switch to something else, and the United States came in for its turn. Now that the Baldwin Government has revived the Singapore project, Japanese newspapers may forget the American maneuvers.

It would be a fatal mistake for public opinion in this country to bring pressure upon our Government to swerve from its plans on account of any such irresponsible talk. Maneuvers are essential for keeping a navy in trim. Only recently, it is reported, Japan completed maneuvers, or naval war games, which everybody perfectly well understood were based on the idea of attacking the American Navy in the Philippines or on the open Pacific. This, our naval men say, was perfectly proper. The plan for the maneuvers for the American fleet in the Pacific were completed and announced nearly two years ago. It is understood that the fleet will go to Hawaii, and then to Australia. So far as we know, it was never intended that the fleet should go to the Philippines. If the Japanese editorial referred to represents any widespread Japanese opinion, it might be well for the fleet to go to the Philippines as a demonstration that American naval power is consistent with the best of good will toward our friends the Japanese.

A Household Pest in Ten Letters

SOME ancients go back to the 15-puzzle of forty or fifty years ago. Others, for a parallel, cite the days of the early '90's, when whole families sat about the evening lamp trying to induce the Pigs in Clover, and allied and associated animals, to roll into their little pens and stay there. At all events, the cross-word puzzles have swept over the land like a tidal wave. Commuters on the trains, nurses in the parks, theater-goers between the acts, are seen tapping their teeth with pencils, looking up at the ceiling, and trying to recall a word in nine letters meaning "of the character and appearance of a hammer-headed shark and, I think, it begins with G." The Grand Duchess Cyril hardly lands on these shores before somebody has led her into the game. A grave social historian, who is at work upon a history of our own times, is known to be trying to discover who started the amusement. Flocks of yaks, emus, ibises, rocs, dodos, and jabberwocks flutter overhead in the living-rooms of every American home, and the facts that Erin is a synonym for Ireland and that March 15 was once known as the Ides are becoming impressed upon our National consciousness. An erudite devotee of the Greek classics entered our office but yesterday with the solemn complaint: "I do wish they would find something new for 'water-animals' besides 'otters.' I am sick of otters!"

Those who have fallen for the sport are divided into the old veterans who have been at it for two or three years and have a shelf-full of puzzle books all smeared with pencil marks and erasures

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and the neophytes. Outside stand the scoffers, who merely pity the lunacy of the victims. It is declared to be an educational game, and as useful in enlarging the vocabulary as the daily dozen in reducing the waist-line. That it is a more intellectual pastime than Pigs in Clover can scarcely be denied. The dictionary makers and dealers are not at all displeased by this social phenomenon, and some observers have asserted that a new and luxuriant crop of grass and flowers has recently sprung up on the grave of Noah Webster. (Noah! by George! that's the very word we were looking for: an ancient sailor in four letters!) Only this morning our favorite trolley-car conductor greeted us with: "The *tram* is going to start!" And we knew that he had solved: "British term for street car in four letters."

The makers of puzzles are not impeccable. We confess that we are growing weary of "printers' measures," even when they come in the hitherto novel form of "ens." And only blood would have satisfied us recently when "farewell in Latin" turned out to be its exact opposite: "Ave." But time presses; the noon papers will soon be out, and we are still sticking over an absolutely essential word meaning: "A duck-legged animal of Tierra del Fuego, ending in Q."

Christmas

BY common consent Christendom is again celebrating at this time the coming of a life into the world. Nearly two thousand years ago a child was humbly born, and to-day there is no land in all the earth where men, women, and children do not recall his birth with homage and cheer. Customs once observed at other winter festivals have become attached to this birthday feast. For this season are reserved the stateliest rituals, the happiest family gatherings, the most sparkling tokens of rejoicing.

And yet the man whose birth is celebrated in cathedrals was not an ecclesiastic, but a teacher who gathered his hearers on the shore of a lake or on the hillside. The man whose birth is celebrated at the family table had no place of his own where to lay his head. The man whose birth is celebrated by merriment was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He never told a follower of his to go to a temple or consult a priest except as a measure of health inspection. He charged those who would follow him to leave their parents and their homes. He called upon his followers to take up the cross, which was at that time the instrument of execution for criminals. If Christmas were not so familiar to us, it might well seem the strangest, most inexplicable of holidays.

It is not, however, inexplicable. The reason for the worship, for the family gathering, for the rejoicing is to be found in the purpose and achievement of that life. In the celebration of Christmas is expressed the response of men to what he came to do.

We do not need to go to others to find out what that was. He has told us himself.

When he stood before the Roman Governor who was to send him to execution, he declared the meaning of his birth. "To this end was I born," said he, "and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." And if we seek to know how he bore witness to the truth we can find the answer given again and given in his own words. His first public statement was a statement of the purpose of his life—to announce good news to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to captives, and the recovery of sight to the blind, to free the bruised, to announce a welcome era. And between that first announcement and his declaration at the verge of death he repeated the explanation of his purpose in differing forms, that no one might mistake him. He had come to serve, and to give his life, in establishing justice as an order of life, rescuing the lost, bringing to people a more abundant life, and giving them a weapon against evil and wrong.

It is not, then, strange that people should rejoice when they think of his coming to the world. Every Christmas is a testimony to the fact that in all ages he has been achieving the purpose of his life. Under the power of that life, poverty has been relieved and more and more banished, the broken-hearted have found comfort, slavery has been abolished, the blind are no longer helpless, justice has become the object of government, the resources of the world have been brought under the control of men for a more abundant life, and might has been shifting from the hands of the oppressor and the tyrant to those who can and will use it for the maintenance of liberty of body, mind, and spirit.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

A "Real Old-Fashioned Christmas"

By HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

SOME years ago, I remember, the meteorological correspondent of the London "Times" attempted an act of vandalism. It can be called no less. He tried to show by diving into Howard's "Climate of London" that the real old-fashioned Christmas, the Christmas of Dickens and Washington Irving, with its frost and its snow and its settled winter glory, was little more than a myth. A parallel of the "greenest" Christmas of these latter years could, he said in effect, be found in the midst of the most old-fashioned times.

He chose as a test case the year 1830, the year which saw the historic gatherings of the Pickwickians at Dingley Dell. Here was carrying war into the enemy's camp indeed. What did he find? Well, he found from Howard's "Climate of London" that the Christmas of that year was just as Dickens described it. "Hard frost on the 24th; hard frost on the 25th; hard frost on the 26th, with snow on Christmas Eve." But, lest any one should be tempted to say, as many surely were, "I told you so!" he went on to explain that the weather immediately before and immediately after was mild and green enough to fit in with the most modern experience. "Such, then," he says, with the air of one who has proved his point, "is the real old-fashioned Christmas of Dickens reduced to figures—a brief cold snap lasting just a week. There have been several similar periods in London during recent years, although none of them has chanced to synchronize with Christmas."

Well, that is, of course, mere perversity, perversity on the part of the meteorological correspondent, failing to

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appreciate the perversity of the modern climate. In the real old-fashioned days such weather did synchronize with Christmas. The Dingley Dell Christmas was no exceptional Christmas. Your true believer in the true Dickens tradition is convinced that the joyful picture there presented—the stage-coach rumbling through the streets, jolting over the cobblestones, and at length reaching the wide-open country, "skimming over the hard frosty ground"—might be said to represent an annual occurrence. The road stretching on ahead, "compact and dry as a solid block of marble," the "clear cold air," the "blazing log fires," were not the mere trappings of a "cold snap" which found itself synchronizing with Christmas. At any rate, your true believer in the real old-fashioned Christmas would never have it so.

Moreover, is not the temptation to agree with him, the "Times" meteorological correspondent notwithstanding, overwhelming? The glamour of it all sweeps down upon us, and, after feeble protest, we surrender, and enter into the "warmth of the firelight." What a wonderful scene it is, to be sure. The "best sitting-room at Manor Farm;" the carpet up; the candles burning brightly; the fire blazing and crackling on the hearth; merry voices, light-hearted laughter, and Mr. Pickwick in silk stockings. "And why not, sir—why not?" Within, a dancing blaze from the fire sends forth a deep red glow which lights up the farthest corner of the room, and without,

" 'How it snows!' said one of the men in a low tone.

" 'Snows, does it?' said Wardle.

" 'Rough, cold night, sir,' replied the man; 'and there's a wind got up that drifts it across the fields in a thick white cloud!' "

There it is, the real old-fashioned Christmas in the country, and if one wants to see what it is like in the city, what a real old-fashioned Christmas Eve was like in London, one turns again, almost instinctively, to Dickens, to "The Christmas Carol." How one sees and feels it all! A grand "London pertickler;" the City clocks only just gone three, but dark already; foggier yet and colder; candles in office windows like "ruddy smears" on palpable brown air. And yet withal it is a cheerful scene. See how that great fire in a brazier at the street corner lights up the group around it! How bright is the brightness of the shops "where holly sprigs and berries crackle in the lamp heat!" And if there is a Scrooge growling through and at it all, his gait a protest and his greatcoat buttoned tightly up to the chin, is there not just as surely a Bob Cratchit, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist, going down a slide on Cornhill at the end of a line of boys, twenty times in honor of its being Christmas Eve?

And then next day—Christmas Day—is it not always, in the words of Mr. Pickwick, "A splendid morning, gentlemen"? "Severe weather," perhaps, "water in the wash-hand basin a mask of ice, sir," but still a splendid morning. So Mr. Pickwick found it, and so also, most surely, did Scrooge, the regenerated Scrooge of Scrooge and Marley, find it. So, most surely, must we all find it; "no fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring cold; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious! Glorious!" Yes, Mr. Pickwick is right. The real old-fashioned Christmas is the Christmas of all the centuries, always and ever a "splendid morning, gentlemen."

The Grand Duchess Cyril

By P. W. WILSON

IT is, perhaps, a circumstance worth notice that, pending the coronation of her husband as Czar of Russia, the Grand Duchess Cyril should have set up her court *ad interim* with the Monday Opera Club of New York. If at the moment you happen to be a sovereign in exile, there is a certain comfort in receiving no fewer than precisely "Four Hundred" curtsies, indicating a loyal allegiance on the part of an aristocracy which may be republican and even—in the case of Mr. Lansing—Democratic, but is on that account none the less gracious, wealthy, and exclusive. The care with which the illustrious lady was guarded by the police as she was driven from her liner to her White Palaces on Fifth Avenue must have seemed almost like old times; and the precautions taken for her safety are a foretaste of what would be her environment in Russia if the gods were ever to grant her passionate prayer for a crown. The fact that at Washington there was a persistent demand for the recognition of the Grand Duchess by the Administration and for her reception in the Presidential Room at the Union Station suggests that some inquiry should be made as to her credentials as Czarina.

International

The Grand Duchess Cyril, a visitor to the United States

A restoration of the Romanoffs is not impossible. Indeed, it would be in line with history. The Bourbons and the Bonapartes were in turn, both of them, restored to France. And for a time the Stuarts were restored to England. But a dynasty once dispossessed is never again secure. It would be on the swing of the pendulum only that the Romanoffs would come back, if at all, and the next swing of the pendulum would be against them. Autocracy can never again solve the problem of "All the Russias."

Throughout Europe the Russian royalists are to-day most active. Broadly, their case is that there has been another failure of Russia's food supply; that the farmers are furious over the Bolshevist custom of commandeering crops without adequate payment; that the treasury is bankrupt; and that the loan by England has failed, while there is little hope of a loan from France. The Red Army contains hundreds of White officers; and if hitherto it has been loyal, the reason is that the troops have been well clothed, well fed, and well paid. Any breakdown

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in the commissariat of the Red Army would result, so it is argued, in a mutinous disposition; and already it is reported that the Red Army stands solidly behind Trotsky in his struggle with Zinoviev and the logical Communists. That Trotsky reads all that he can find written about the rise of Napoleon is also a significant fact.

Russia, too, is conscious of isolation. It was Karl Marx himself who said that without Britain the proletariat upheaval would be a storm in a teacup. There never was a chance of winning Britain for Bolshevism, but while there was a Labor Government in power there was hope. The British elections meant that even the most ignorant Bolshevist has had to write Britain off his map. Turkey too has bitterly disappointed Moscow by deciding to join the League of Nations, and Germany also is going on pilgrimage to Geneva. Moreover, it is stated that during his visits to Paris and Rome Austen Chamberlain, Britain's Foreign Secretary, has discussed measures for counteracting "Red" propaganda; all of which means that Russia has failed to convert Europe. She is active in the Far East. She seeks to disturb the Moslem world. Otherwise, she stands alone.

But does this mean that Russia will send for the Romanoffs? At the moment the Romanoffs are no happier as a family than are the Bolshevists. To begin with, there is the Dowager Empress Marie, mother of the Czar Nicholas II, who with his family was reported killed at Ekaterinburg. She is, of course, sister to Queen Alexandra of Britain, who recently celebrated her eightieth birthday. These sisters were born princesses in the modest court of Denmark, which also furnished a royal family for Greece. And, after a life of vicissitude, it is in Denmark that the Empress Marie has found her final asylum.

What a life has been hers! The signal for her accession in 1883, over forty years ago, was a bomb that blew up the Czar Alexander II, liberator of the Russian serfs, as he rode in his carriage. The Czar Alexander III, with the Empress Marie, was then crowned in the Kremlin amid scenes of indescribable magnificence. And here there is a curious fact to be mentioned. Anti-clericalism in the Soviets has stripped the churches of their sacred and jeweled icons, but the regalia of the Romanoffs remains intact, and has been photographed and inspected by press correspondents, whose descriptions have been published throughout the world. It is the lure of these barbaric diadems which fascinates the Grand Duchess Cyril. To enter the fierce limelight that beats upon a throne is the

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The Grand Duke Cyril, pretender to the Russian throne

ambition of this lady. She has a boy, the Prince Vladimir, eight years old, whom she sees as successor to her husband. And there are two daughters, the Princesses Marie and Kyra, aged respectively eighteen and sixteen years, whose matrimonial prospects depend upon the royalist revival.

About the venerable Dowager Empress Marie there is this difficulty. The old lady stoutly denies that her son, the Czar Nicholas, has ever been killed by the Bolshevists, whether at Ekaterinburg or anywhere else. And, taking a considerable theological risk, she forbids his loyal subjects to recite prayers for the repose of his soul. According to the Empress Marie, therefore, who while she lives must be respected as the head of the Romanoff family, there is as yet no vacancy on the throne of all the Russias. What the royalists should do is to discover where their Czar is imprisoned in durance vile and to liberate him. And in the meantime the Grand Duke Cyril —one must add, the Grand Duchess— is not only a pretender but a usurper. In the course of nature, the Empress Marie will join her ancestors, but she comes of a long-lived stock, and is only seventy-seven years old. For some time, therefore, her convictions or her delusions, however you regard them, may be used by the Grand Duke Cyril's critics as a stumbling block to his ambitions.

Assuming the late Czar's death, the next heir was clearly his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, who, after the abdication of Nicholas, was for a day named Czar. Staying too trustfully in Russia, he was killed by the Bolshevists at Perm. He has, however, a sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna, who was married to her cousin, the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, and, according to British succession, at any rate, it is their son, Prince Andrew, who is to-day Czar of Russia. He is in the same position as the Princess Mary's son, "Master Lascelles," would be if the Prince of Wales and all his brothers had died without issue. He is actual nephew to the last reigning sovereign.

When, however, a royal family is exiled and a lost throne has to be regained, the strict rules of primogeniture are apt to be set aside. It might be objected to the Prince Andrew that he claims the throne through his mother, while the Grand Duke Cyril's descent is throughout masculine. He is the eldest son of the late Czar's eldest uncle, which should be good enough.

Also, in so delicate a rivalry, the wife of the claimant may turn the scale. According to the "Almanac de Gotha," Prince Andrew married a divorced lady called Elizabeth Fabrizievna, ten years older than himself. But the Grand Duchess Cyril, now visiting the United States, is the last word in pedigree. In 1874 London and St. Petersburg turned night into day. Fêtes and illuminations announced the marriage of Queen Victoria's son, the Duke of Edinburgh, with the only daughter of the Czar Alexander II—the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna. It is the granddaughter of these Majesties who has alighted in New York.

The College of Grand Dukes in Russia was before the Revolution a powerful and, as a rule, a reactionary body. Doubtless the monk Rasputin was a thorough-paced scoundrel, but, even so, his murder at the Palace of Prince Youssopof makes a prettier story, especially with the usual embellishments, for a Sunday Supplement than for a Sunday school. Among the grand dukes it cannot be said that Cyril earned for himself an enviable reputation. He was, and is, unpopular. As an officer in the Russian navy he served on the Petrapovlovsk, the flagship of Admiral Makaroff at Port Arthur. The ship was sunk. Only thirty of the crew out of six hundred were saved, and among them was Cyril. A newspaper in Moscow boldly remarked: "Russia has suffered two great disasters; Admiral Makaroff has been drowned and the Grand Duke Cyril has been rescued." And that was when the Czardom censored the press. About Cyril's reputation there is really no secret. When Captain George Djamjaroff, the secretary of the Grand Duchess, was questioned on the matter by correspon-

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dents in New York, he shrugged his shoulders and answered, "Grand dukes will be grand dukes, you know."

The Grand Duchess, too, has not entirely escaped criticism. As the granddaughter of Queen Victoria and of the Czar Alexander II, she was married in the good old royal fashion to the Grand Duke of Hesse, her first cousin, and son of Princess Alice. Now Hesse was the home of the late ill-fated Czarina, and the Grand Duke was her brother. Hence the bitter quarrel that broke out when the Grand Duke and his Grand Duchess were separated by a divorce. Those were days when royalty was unshaken, when marriages were carefully arranged for the best interests of all concerned. And if there was incompatibility the wife, at any rate, was expected to make the best of it. The Grand Duchess was thus severely disapproved.

It was, however, when she completed her divorce, as it were, by a further marriage with the Grand Duke Cyril that the storm broke. Her irate ex-sister-in-law, the Czarina, persuaded the Czar to exile the pair from Court, and Cyril is thus one of the few personalities who has been equally unwelcome in Russia whether under a Soviet or under a Czar. A reconciliation was doubtless effected before the end of all things came. But the Empress Marie has so far remembered past years as to issue a manifesto in the United States, repudiating Cyril's claims to be Czar and mentioning the dread word "orthodoxy." And her edict is indorsed by the most eminent and venerable of the active Romanoffs, the Grand Duke Nicholas, who commanded Russian armies in the War and now leads the exiled royalists in Paris.

Nicholas is a Romanoff, but he is also a statesman. He recognizes that the future of Russia cannot be determined by obscure intrigues, whether at Coburg or in the Monday Opera Club of New York. If the Romanoffs are to return to their palaces, the Russians must issue the invitation; and, in the opinion of Nicholas, the revived monarchy must be constitutional, with a duma and some form of federal autonomy for the provinces. Such an experiment would fulfill the hopes of the Czar Alexander II and his grandson Nicholas, both of whom were liberal at heart and both of whom met a violent death.

Despite the belief of the Empress Marie that her son is alive, it is stated that "somewhere in France" the Russian royalists are holding the veritable ashes of the "martyred" Nicholas and his family, which at a restoration will be produced as sacred relics, venerated with the reverence once paid to handkerchiefs which had been dipped in the blood dripping from the scaffold of King Charles I. Russia is mystical; and it is only in that country of Europe that we could expect to see a struggle for sovereignty between the burned bones of "the Little Father" and the embalmed skin of Lenine exposed in the great square of Moscow at a carefully regulated temperature. An even more daring design is a subject of hints. A reunion between the Roman and Orthodox Churches is

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The Grand Duke Nicholas, "the most eminent of the Romanoffs," and former head of the Russian armies

earnestly desired by the Vatican. The Roman Jubilee is declared for the year 1925. What if an ecclesiastical peace were to be sealed by the canonization of Nicholas and his Czarina?

In the meantime, Cyril, anticipating any decision by the Russian people—for which the Grand Duke Nicholas wisely waits—has declared himself Czar and set up a curious little Court at Coburg in Germany. The idea that Coburg has anything to do with Bavaria is, of course, a mistake; Coburg is the capital of what the "Almanac de Gotha" calls the Maison de Saxe-Coburg-et-Gotha, a sovereign duchy which furnished Rumania and Belgium with kings and Britain with that Prince Consort whom Tennyson described as "the noble father of our kings to be." Of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duke of Edinburgh was sovereign. It was at Rosenau, near Coburg, that he died. And with that castle and the swans on the lake in the park the Grand Duchess Cyril has been familiar from the days of her girlhood. Until he abdicated, her cousin was Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—a prince who rejoices in the names of Leopold Charles Edward George Albert, Duke of Juliers Clèves and Berg, of Engern and of Westphalia, Landgrave in Thuringia, Margrave of Misnie, princely Count of Henneberg, Count of March and Ravensberg, Seigneur of Ravenstein and Tonna—also, last but not least, Duke of Albany in Great Britain. Indeed, the British Parliament was compelled to intimate by statute, politely but firmly, that, since this Duke was fighting in the German army, he really must not also sit and vote in the House of Lords—which, however, is another story. Enough that the Grand Duchess Cyril has with great adroitness used her prestige as a princess of Coburg to install her husband there as Czar of Russia. The Communists gnash their teeth, but what can they do? You cannot forbid ladies to follow one another around as if they were ladies-in-waiting. And in Bavaria also the Wittelsbachs live exactly as royalty always lives, only unofficially.

Whether Coburg will reconquer Russia is, however, a more serious matter. And here we approach the master-mind which directs the strategy of the Grand Duchess. She has a sister. And that sister is none other than the formidable Queen Marie of Rumania, grandmother of the Balkans. The country over which this Queen's husband rules has the best possible reasons for desiring a change of government in Russia. Rumania is monarchist, and Rumania holds Bessarabia—the Alsace-Lorraine of eastern Europe. If Bolshevism produced a Bonaparte, his first stroke would be a war to recover Bessarabia. Hence the anxiety of the Rumanian Queen for a nice friendly, comfortable family pact with Russia. And Queen Marie of Rumania sometimes gets her way. One of her daughters is Queen of Serbia and another is the exiled Queen of Greece. The third, Ileana, is the cheerful young lady whom the Prince of Wales—when she was offered to him as a bride—once called "a jolly little kid."

What dreams are here! No wonder that the Monday Opera Club of New York is kept busy! Rumania and Russia and Coburg and Britain and Greece and Serbia are all to be united in one domestic bond. Bolshevism is to be shattered. The Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople are to be reconciled. It is a game as thrilling perhaps as bridge, as complex as mah jong and as absorbing as a cross-word puzzle. It is chess in which the Queens make the longest moves and the Kings are quiescent. It has its humorous aspect and also its risks.

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Children and the Constitution

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

FOR the first time in American history the child is a large figure in National affairs, the storm center of political activity. The Twentieth—if it sticks—Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which confers upon Congress the power to regulate the labor of children, is up for ratification by the States. Tremendous forces are working for ratification; forces at least equally tremendous are working against it. The conflict centers in Washington, where the amendment is receiving more consideration than any pending measure in Congress, but it reaches out to all the States except those five which already have acted upon it. A single State, Arkansas, has ratified. Four States, including so typical an Eastern State as Massachusetts and so typical a Southern State as Georgia, have declined to ratify. The advocates of ratification start with a handicap, but with no lack of determination.

Ratification of an amendment—a form of politics, certainly—makes strange bedfellows. Organized farmers and organized manufacturers, popularly supposed to have little in common, are working together to defeat the amendment. Organized labor, freshly out of a Presidential campaign supposed to have been waged jointly with organized farmers, constitutes the center of the forces working for ratification. Working with organized labor are groups of people who call themselves humanitarians—some others call them sentimentalists. It is said, too, that certain Governmental forces—those who desire to build up a great bureau for work with children and possibly to combine it with the Bureau of Education—are giving such aid and comfort as their legal limitations will permit to the open advocates of ratification.

Most of the State Legislatures meet during the coming year. They may act upon the amendment or they may not. Pressure will be brought upon all of them to act—and counter-pressure will be applied to have them act unfavorably.

MOST men and practically all women know the arguments for the Child Labor Amendment. The arguments against it—and there are legitimate arguments on that side—are less well known, and therefore, perhaps, entitled to review.

Perhaps the most generally used argument is that no such amendment is needed, that regulation of labor is properly a matter of State action, that all except two of the States have enacted fairly adequate child labor laws, and that all States have compulsory school attendance laws.

Another generally used argument is that, if the amendment is ratified and an enforcement law passed by Congress, the United States will have on its hands another prohibition law more difficult to enforce than is the one which prohibits the manufacture and sale of liquor. It is said, too, that this amendment, with the necessary enforcement law, would make it possible for a Federal bureau at Washington to enter the homes and substitute its authority for that of the fathers and mothers, that Federal espionage of the work of boys and girls, particularly of farm boys and girls, would be intolerable. Congress, it is said, cannot be trusted to legislate wisely under the blanket authority conferred by the proposed amendment. The amendment, in the nature of it, is said to substitute the Socialistic theory that the citizen belongs to the state for the American principle that the state is the creature of the citizen.

It is charged that the amendment is promoted principally by the ambition of some bureaucrats in Washington who see an opportunity to extend their authority. If the amendment is ratified by three-fourths of the States, and any sort of law for its enforcement passed, it is said that bureau rules and regulations could, without any further action of Congress, prevent boys and girls under eighteen years of age from doing any kind of work. The farm boy seventeen years old could not during vacation ride the horse to rake the hay; the farm girl seventeen years old could not help with the canning during vacation, could not can fruits or raise chickens on her own account. All that the Federal Government has done through years of work by the Department of Agriculture would be thrown away, and complete idleness while out of school would be forced upon all young people up to the age of eighteen years.

Most of these things are, of course, extreme possibilities; but they are possibilities, none the less. Advocates of the amendment assert that regulation under the amendment will not be strictly applied to farm boys and girls. The opponents of the amendment retort that its advocates have steadfastly refused to exempt farm boys and girls from its provisions, and that what they refused to do when they had no legal authority they probably will not do voluntarily when the amendment is ratified and the enforcement law passed.

OUT of the fight over the Child Labor Amendment will probably grow a movement to amend the method of amending the Constitution. As the Constitution now is, no State can finally reject an amendment. A State may ratify, and that action is final. That State may not later rescind its action. Another State may refuse to ratify, but it does not by that action reject the amendment. Any future Legislature, or the same Legislature at a later session, or even on a later day of the same session, may ratify.

This situation, it is asserted, gives an unfair advantage to the advocates of an amendment—not this amendment only, but any amendment that may ever be proposed. The question of ratification comes on. Its advocates and its opponents exert themselves to put the facts before State Legislatures. The opponents triumph—more than one-fourth of the States refuse to ratify. Still, the opponents of the amendment have not defeated it. Its advocates may concentrate their efforts next year in a particular State, the year after that in another State, and so, by single-shot action through a term of years, secure ratification by the necessary number of States, though any number of those States may previously have voted against the amendment. Here, it is contended, is a rule which works only one way; no State may reconsider and reverse its action of ratification; any State may consider and reverse its action of rejection.

There is no time limit upon ratification of any amendment. Two or three States might now, it is pointed out, ratify amendments proposed before the Civil War, forgotten by practically everybody alive, and make them parts of the Constitution of the United States, though the States which ratified them seventy years ago might have—almost certainly would have—a different opinion now as to the need for such amendments; they could not rescind the action taken by a Legislature which represented the grandfathers of the generation now living.

Some means should be provided, it is

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asserted, by which rejection would be final, or, if not that, a State which has voted for ratification ought to have the right to change its mind. In any event, the contention is that there should be a definite limit upon the time within which a proposed amendment must be ratified.

The next proposal to amend the Constitution is likely to be in the nature of an amendment to the amendment machinery.

The Battle of Geneva in the Opium War

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

THIRTY-SIX nations are represented in this room. Their delegates have come here to take measures to prevent the abuse of opium and other habit-forming drugs. One would think that a clear atmosphere might be desirable for clear thinking on this subject. But tobacco-smoking seems to be as welcome here as opium-smoking is deplored. Cigars, cigarettes, and pipes—especially pipes!—are in full blast all over the place. As the sessions I have attended at this conference have lasted about four and one-half hours each, one can fancy what the air is like at the close. I am a smoker myself, but I don't smoke the whole time. Apparently these people do.

Not all of the thirty-six nations represented here belong to the League of Nations; for instance, Turkey, Germany, and our own nation.

Our delegation consists of the Hon. Stephen G. Porter, Chairman of the House of Representatives' Foreign Relations Committee; the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western New York; Assistant Surgeon-General Rupert Blue, of the United States Public Health Service; Mr. Edwin L. Neville, of the Department of State; and Mrs. Hamilton Wright, also of the Department of State, and the first woman, so far as I know, ever empowered to sign a treaty.

They and the delegates from other nations are here to regulate the use of opium (the coagulated juice of the opium-producing poppy); of morphia, codeine, and heroin, obtained from it; also of cocaine, obtained from coca leaves. Raw opium is produced in India, China, Persia, Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria, and Jugoslavia. Coca leaves come from Java, Peru, and Bolivia. Ten times as much of these drugs is produced as is required for medicinal or scientific purposes.

Carrying an Outpost

AFTER a fortnight's wrangling, our delegation has had a victory. Actually, it has now obtained the Conference's permission to register its proposition on the agenda! Ten of the opium and cocaine producing or manufacturing countries—India, Holland, Bolivia, France, Portugal, Jugoslavia, Greece, Great Britain, Austria, Turkey—were ranged in opposition. At the final roll-call, India voted "no;" the rest abstained from voting. They were all outvoted by the "yes" of the twenty-six other nations. There is joy in the American camp. But let us have a care. Our opponents expect to wear us out by attrition. They gave no notion of abandoning their government revenues, nor have the profiteers any notion of abandoning theirs.

And what are our propositions?

The use of the products of raw opium and of coca leaves for other than medicinal and scientific purposes, we declare, is an abuse; to prevent this abuse, production, we assert, must be controlled, so that no surplus will be available for non-medicinal and non-scientific purposes.

How is this control to be obtained? One way would be by a central board, whose expenses would be divided among the states involved, proportionately to their total exports and imports of opium and coca. The board would meet once a year to receive reports on the various states and to adjust the problems of supply and demand, the contracting parties having limited the number of towns, ports, and localities through which drug exports and imports shall be permitted; separate export and import licenses being required and each nation involved prohibiting any vessels under its flag from carrying drugs unless an official copy of the license accompanies the shipment; no shipment to go to any destination not mentioned in the license. Moreover, the transportation of these drugs through the territory of a nation would be prohibited unless the contents and destination of the shipment be revealed; in the case of territory whose government is not a party to the agreement, the central board would have power even to regulate the amount to be exported to such territory as necessary to medicinal and scientific purposes.

A convention or treaty formed along these lines would come into force among the contracting parties who have ratified it as soon as ratified by four of those contracting parties.

The main objection to such a system is that it would remain without practical result as long as the convention on which it rests is not unanimously accepted. Non-signatory countries, continuing to import drugs without restriction, would naturally become contraband centers. From them a clandestine exportation would provide the world with habit-forming drugs. The very smallness of their bulk renders detection difficult in their transportation and sale. Their large commercial value and the great financial gains in handling them will always induce the unscrupulous to illicit enterprise.

The Beginning of the War

TWENTY years ago my brother-in-law, Dr. Hamilton Wright, a specialist in tropical diseases, told me about what he had observed during his sojourns in the Far East, particularly about the pitiful condition of millions of the Chinese, slaves to a drug habit accentuated after the opium wars with England. Many Chinese longed to break away from the use of opium and from that new form of the opium vice, morphine, but they could not. These drugs had destroyed their will power. Dr. Wright wanted to help these impotent strugglers. He finally concluded that the only way was to make it impossible for them to get opium; as he said to me, "No real progress can be made until we control the source of supply."

This conviction was strengthened by what Dr. Wright had seen in the Philippines. Large numbers of the Chinese there were confirmed opium smokers, and the vice was spreading to the native population. Until the establishment of civil government (1901) in the islands, no organized attempt had been made to control opium importation. In 1903 the Philippine Commission, in its consideration of a bill to this end, saw that it must investigate the traffic in opium throughout the Orient. That investigation brought it to Dr. Wright's conclusion, the necessity of reducing and finally

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prohibiting the use of opium save for medicinal and scientific purposes. Early in 1905 Congress provided for the prohibition, three years thereafter, of opium imports save for these purposes.

In 1906 Bishop Brent, of the Philippine Islands (now of the diocese of Western New York), wrote to President Roosevelt, saying that the problem was of sufficient merit "to warrant an endeavor to secure international action, . . . to promote some movement that would gather in its embrace representatives from all countries where the traffic in and use of opium is a matter of moment." Dr. Wright had also become thoroughly convinced that only international control of the problem would be effective.

He once said:

> An evil, such as the opium evil, is never wholly national in incidence; . . . as it appears in one state, it is a concomitant or a reflex of a similar evil in other states, and, therefore, is international in its moral, humanitarian, economic, and diplomatic effect; . . . there must be co-operation of all the states, directly or indirectly interested, before such an evil is mitigated or suppressed.

The Spread of the Menace

THIS opinion was eagerly embraced by missionary and commercial organizations in China. They begged the American Government to take the initiative in lending a helping hand. Bishop Brent's timely letter had received the hearty approval of President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Root, and Secretary of War Taft, the last named having been Governor-General of the Philippines. Mr. Root thereupon began a correspondence with the Powers having possessions in the Far East (Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Holland, Portugal, China, Japan, Siam), and in October, 1907, the President called for a meeting of representatives of these nations with us. Because they were opium-producing countries Persia and Turkey were also invited, and because of their large commercial interests in the Far East, Austria-Hungary and Italy.

This International Commission finally met February 1, 1909, Dr. Wright, Bishop Brent, and Mr. Tenney, of our State Department, representing America. It found that "almost every participating country regarded the use of opium in any form other than for medical purposes a matter for prohibition or for careful regulation." Among other things, it recommended the prevention of opium shipments to any country prohibiting their entry and the application by each government of its pharmacy laws to its subjects in the Chinese Consular districts, concessions, and settlements.

But China herself was waking up. A few months after Bishop Brent's epochal letter the Emperor astonished the world by decreeing that the opium evil should be eradicated throughout the Empire within ten years, beginning January 1, 1907. Then Great Britain, wishing to make amends for the opium wars, entered into an agreement with China, effective January 1, 1908, to reduce the total Indian opium exports by one-tenth for a three-year experimental period, China agreeing to a one-tenth reduction on her production. All this seemed too good to be true. Yet in 1911 the report of Chinese effort was so favorable that Great Britain agreed to go on with the reductions until the Indian export to China should cease in 1917.

Meanwhile the opium evil had long since been found to be no longer a merely Oriental evil. It had made its menacing appearance in our own and other countries. We checked it by our Opium Exclusion Act, approved February 9, 1909, the framing of which had been largely the work of Dr. Wright.

The American Government was now urged to propose an international congress of delegates with plenary powers to give the International Commission's recommendations the force of international law. President Taft made this proposal September 1, 1909. The Conference met at The Hague two years later. Dr. Wright, Bishop Brent, and Henry J. Finger were the American delegates. Twelve Powers were represented—the twelve of the Shanghai Commission except Austria and with the addition of Siam. On January 23, 1912, a convention was signed, providing for the enactment of laws and regulations controlling opium production, limiting the number of treaty ports, etc. A second and a third Hague conference were held in 1913 and 1914 to speed up ratifications.

The War that Yet Remains

THE Hague treaty is now in the custody of the League of Nations. Article XXIII of the League Covenant intrusts the League with general supervision over the execution of agreements with regard to the traffic in opium and other dangerous drugs. Article 295 of the Versailles Treaty declares that "the High Contracting Parties who have not yet signed or who have signed but not yet ratified the Opium Convention, signed at The Hague on January 23, 1912, agree to bring the said Convention into force." By the Lausanne Treaty of last year, Turkey accepted the Opium Convention, making the forty-seventh state to be bound by it.

Despite the Treaty, the narcotic evil continues to be a great menace, the main difficulty, so one of the Dutch delegates told me, being weak governments in China, Siam, Persia, and elsewhere. In China the poppy is grown widely again, because ever since the final burning of the remainder of the opium stock the Central Government has not been strong enough to manage the provinces. In Europe narcotics are being manufactured, far exceeding the medical demands. Everywhere smuggling is going on; for instance, the other day in the port of Boston our customs agents, searching a steamship, found three packages of opium in the soil in which three potted plants were growing.

In taking over the anti-opium work the League Assembly, its lower house, at its first meeting, requested the Council, the upper house, to appoint an Advisory Committee on the opium traffic. The Council thereupon appointed representatives from China, France, Great Britain, India, Japan, Holland, Portugal, and Siam, together with three non-voting assessors, among the latter being Mrs. Hamilton Wright, whose late husband had been a protagonist in the anti-opium crusade; she herself is an expert in the subject. In 1922, on the Assembly's recommendation, the Council urgently invited our Government to be represented at the Commission's forthcoming meeting. President Harding detailed Dr. Blue to this service in a consultative capacity, and for the 1923 meeting sent as delegates Mr. Porter, Bishop Brent, and Dr. Blue, together with Mr. Neville and Mrs. Wright.

This delegation made the same proposal as this year. The Commission approved it, but when presented to the Assembly for final approval the specific words "medicinal and scientific" were struck out, and the general word "legitimate" substituted. In India, Persia, and Turkey it is "legitimate" to sell and transport opium and its derivatives in unrestricted quantities, regardless of the purchaser's ultimate use of them. Of course the Indians claim that their use of opium is certainly not abuse, as it is in China.

Our campaign this year is more strenuous than ever. The opposition tried to show that our proposals really exceeded the competence of the Conference and interfered with the sovereignty and internal affairs of the participating countries. They have been defeated in the first round of the fight. But they are not discouraged. They expect to wear us out by the mere force of attrition. They will stay here a year, if necessary, to win.

Geneva, December 4, 1924.

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In the Spirit

Courtesy of the Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57th St., New York City

Una Mallorquina (a Majorca lady)

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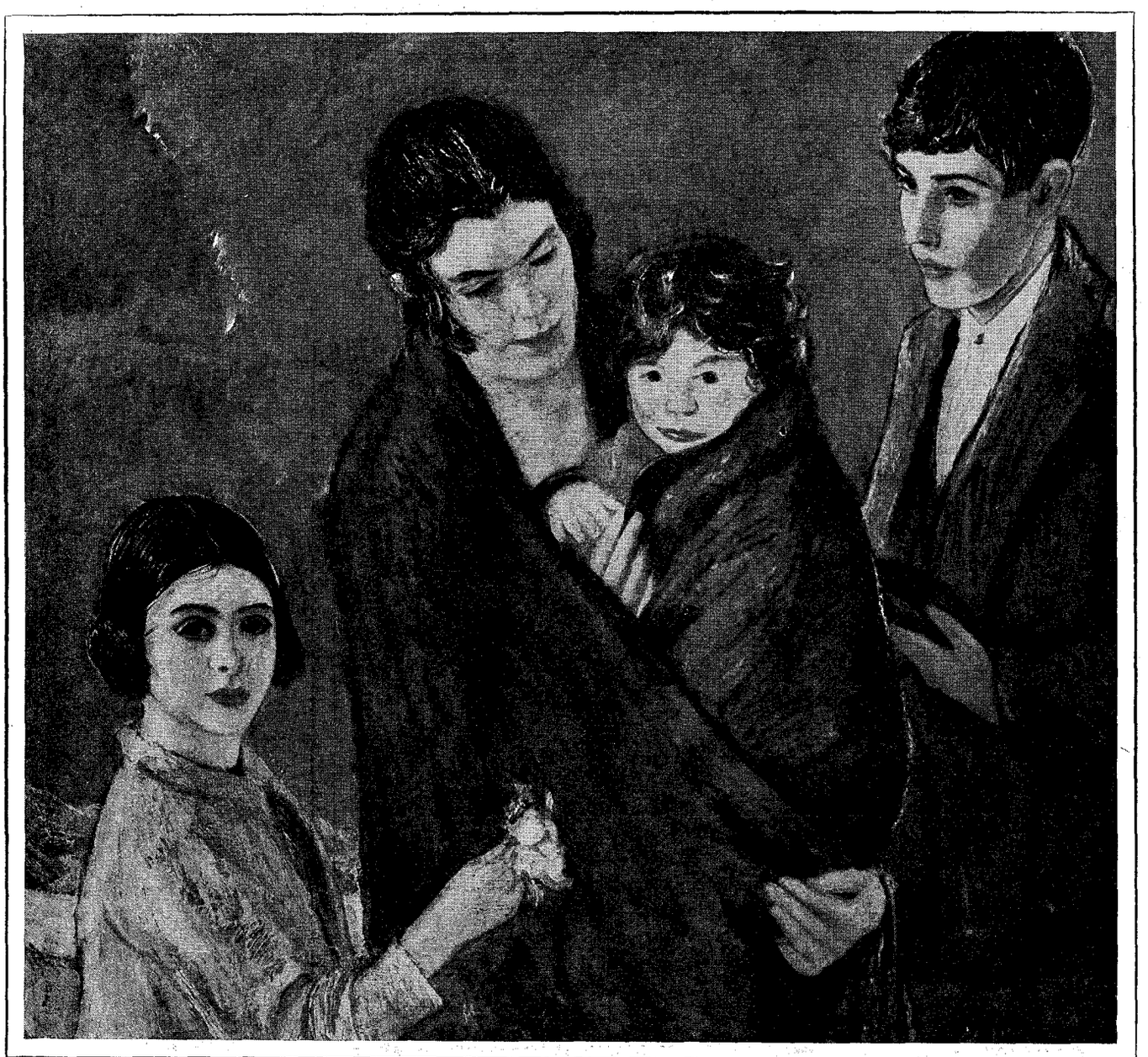
# of Old Spain



Courtesy of the Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57th St., New York City

The Adoration of Pepito

THESE examples of the recent work of Maurice Fromkes are from an exhibition of his paintings at the Milch Galleries, New York City. For several years Mr. Fromkes, who is well known as a portrait painter (one of his canvases, a portrait of the Papal Secretary, Merry del Val, hangs in the Vatican), has been studying in Spain, and these virile productions, which seem to have caught the very atmosphere of the Peninsula, are the result of his sojourn there

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The Gods in the Street

By JOHN ERSKINE

AFTERNOONS and turning dark
You see their flight through Gramercy Park,
Strangers in a crowding haste,
Silent-footed, pallid-faced.
When the hives of twenty floors
Spill them down and out of doors,
Tired blood and brain released
Grasp at air and hurry East.
Bodies close to bodies clutter
Sidewalks, press you to the gutter;
When that hungry boy went by,
Did you catch his burning eye?
That girl who touched you, the black-dressed,
With the young disturbing breast,
That old man with trembling lips,
Dusty beard and finger-tips—
We'd feel surer if we knew
It's just a meal they're hurrying to;
Such haste and silence—do they go
To something we are not to know?
I'd like to know what sort of light
Made me say his eyes were bright;
What vision or what wrath appeared
Under the prophet and his beard;
Whether beneath that bosom wake
New ecstasy and old heartache—
Whether shall walk this earth once more
Beauty to yearn and perish for.
King Admetus, we learned at school,
Who had his wealth by raising wool,
So many flocks and fertile lands,
Made a prayer for extra hands:
"Over all my world appears
Softness ripening for the shears;
Give me men, and let increase
This fecundity of fleece!"
King Admetus was hearkened to,
And had the sun to help him through;
Apollo, for a wrong he did,
Was sent down, with his glory hid,
To tend the ewes from eve till morn
And help the little lambs get born,
To quench himself a while with men,
Till his godhood grew again.
King Admetus, oh, when you had
Apollo for your shepherd-lad,
Was it not droll of you to keep
A growing god at minding sheep!
Did you give a furtive look
If still he bore the shepherd's crook,
Or if the signs began to show
Of arrows and a golden bow?

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Youth Has No Patience with Sham

By KENNETH IRVING BROWN

Denominations that put themselves first and Christianity second, Bible classes that use unfair methods to secure attendance, and congregations that indulge in sensational advertising—they are all finding that the college youth has a keen eye for the weak spots in their armor. Kenneth Irving Brown, who has traveled throughout the United States at the direction of The Outlook to see what religion means to the younger generation, has more good news to give in this article of a religious renaissance

THERE is to-day a persistent demand for competent religious training, such as the Sunday schools have not been able to provide and obviously cannot with the restrictions which are upon them. This demand is coming both from the old and the young. The "Daily Palo Alto" of Stanford University printed an editorial, apropos of the notorious murder case which has since filled our newspapers, voicing this demand. (I quote in part from a reprint in the "Harvard Crimson.")

> If the body and soul are not nurtured and developed apace with the mind, there can be no balance. Without balance, ideals are formed on an uncertain basis and we cannot be sure that atrocities even worse than the one in hand will not be committed more frequently in the future. The leaders of to-morrow must have trained minds, but these minds should not be developed at the expense of a moral sense. Intellects which know nothing of human experiences cannot help being warped and twisted.

We have had of late years our Daily Vacation Bible School as a step in the right direction. More recently at Rochester, New York, has developed the interesting experiment of a daily Bible school to which children in the city public schools may come for a period of instruction which is accepted as regular curriculum training.

Another significant development has been the Schools of Religion within the State universities. The movement is not new, for since 1896 the Missouri Bible College, fathered and fostered by the Christian Church, has offered courses in religious history and literature, which have been accorded credit in the University of Missouri. Likewise at the University of Kansas and the University of Illinois courses are offered by religious foundations which are approved for university credit, whereas in the University of Virginia there is established a chair of religion incorporated in the University and supported by a special endowment bequest.

But within the past three or four years special attention has been given to the problem, with the result that advancement is now being planned along slightly different lines. The next academic year will, in all probability, see the beginning of two great experiments in religious education, the result of long and expert planning.

The Partnership of Science and Religion

WITHIN the next six months there will be opened at Ann Arbor, Michigan, the seat of the University of Michigan, "a scientific school of religion," of a character completely nonsectarian. The maintenance funds for the school have in this case not been sought from the large denominations but from private individuals regardless of denominational affiliation. The school will welcome to its courses members of all faiths; Catholics and Jews are invited to enroll, even as their contributions have been accepted in its establishment.

It is the aim of the Council in charge of the Michigan School of Religion to limit the work of the School for the present to four departments: Religious History and Comparative Religion, Biblical Literature, Missions, and Education. In some cases the School will make use of courses now offered in various departments of the University, and give them with a definitely religious intent, such as is now barred from State-supported university courses. It is planned during the early years of the School to call men of outstanding reputation from their regular appointments on a year's leave of absence, thereby securing the advantage of their experience and advice. The courses of the School will be open to all students at the University of Michigan, and an arrangement is to be made by which regular university credit can be secured for the courses specially offered by the School.

Like Michigan, the State University of Iowa is planning for a School of Religion, to be opened in all probability within another year. But the plans for the two schools differ in interesting details. The school at Iowa City will be headed by a director who will work, in part at least, through the existing faculty, in an attempt to offer courses showing the contribution of the various subjects to religion. For example, I am told that professors in the geology, biology, and physics departments are at present offering courses in the churches on such subjects related to their own particular fields of study. The School of Religion, utilizing these courses and developing others, will gather them together into a unified department. It is the aim of this School to work through and with the churches deriving from them in part their financial support. It is at least a possibility that denominational chairs will later be established. Nor are these plans air castles! Since 1922 slowly but surely they have been developing, and already stand approved by the State Department of Education. No longer are the State Universities of the West to be campuses without religious instruction.

Another evidence of a religious renaissance is the insistent and increasing demand for religious tolerance and cooperation.

An unnamed student at a New England private school, interpreting "A Boy's Religion" in the "Atlantic Monthly" for May, 1924, wrote on the matter of tolerance:

> The boy regards another fellow who belongs to a different denomination in much the same way that he might think of him if he went to another school or college. He has different cheers, a different atmosphere, and slightly different teaching, but he

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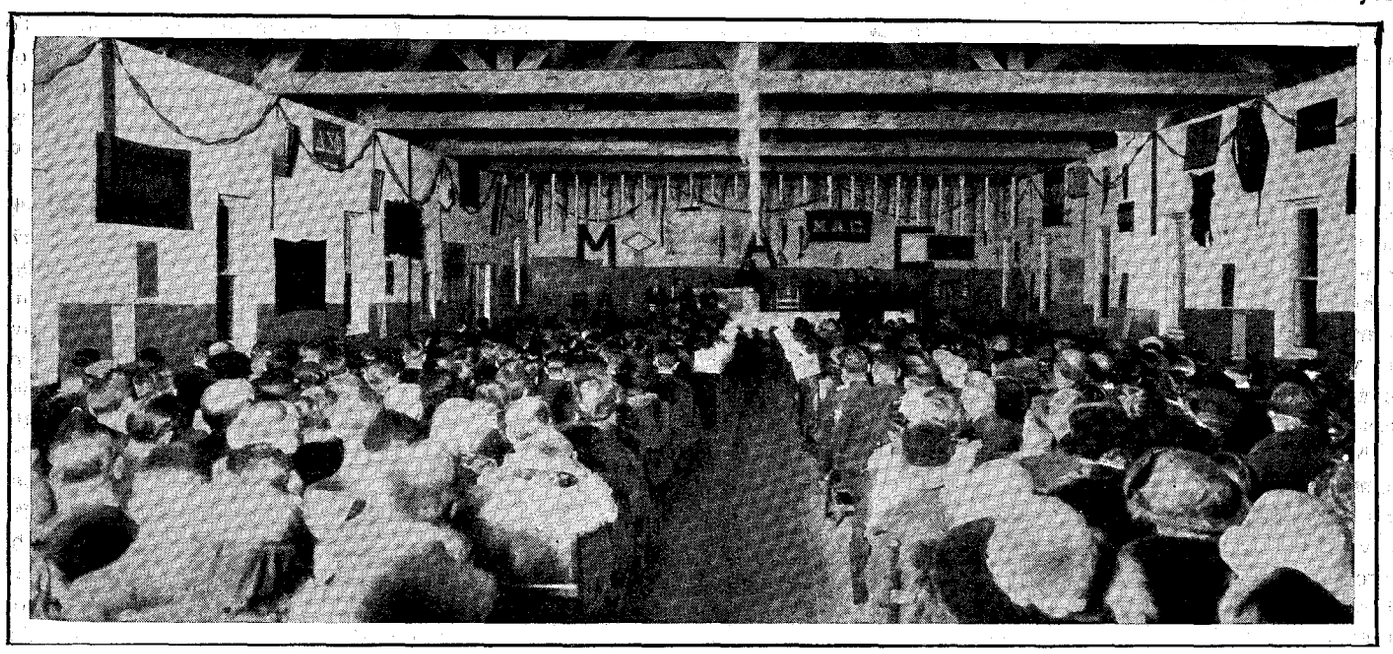

Student Emblem Night in the People's Church at East Lansing, Michigan—a church in which there are more than a score of denominations on the church roll, all worshiping together

is there for the same purpose, so what he calls himself is of small matter.

To our young people to-day denominational differences mean very little; this is inevitable when young and old are in the main ignorant of the original issues of divisions. The differences which exist to-day—differences of ritual or ceremony or church organization—are considered unimportant. I know of no group to whom denominations mean so little as the college students of America at large. If those preachers who are crying union really believe in their own message, they will find no more sympathetic audience than the Christian students of the colleges.

Divide and Disperse

In one of our great Western State universities, which rests in the shadow of the Rockies, there labor, I am told, six student pastors of six important Protestant denominations, and it is the task of these student pastors to associate the students who have registered a preference for the denomination which they represent with the denominational churches of the vicinity, as well as to minister as occasion provides to their spiritual needs. And so the persuasion of the Methodist student pastor is used to bring men to the Methodist church, and in similar fashion the representatives of the Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian churches labor. But there exists in the congregations of that university town no great love on the part of the town church members for the incoming student members, and the belabored pastor must wrestle with the puzzling dilemma of satisfying both parties. "Why not a college church wherein the college as a unit might worship, without molesting the more conservative elders of the town?" I said to the Baptist student pastor.

"What would become of our denominations?" he replied.

I spoke with one of the great liberal leaders of the Baptist denomination about the religious work in our colleges, and to her I addressed my question, "Is it not true that the Christian church has on the college campus an unexampled opportunity to preach a Christianity undefiled by denominational entanglements, for of all the classes of my acquaintance none cares less for denominations than the college student?"

"But what of your denominational loyalty? If the college student worships in a church which recognizes no denominational alliance during the formative years of college training, will he align himself with the denominational church when he leaves? How is the Baptist denomination to teach Baptist loyalty to college students except through Baptist churches and Baptist student pastors?"

There are times when one wonders if denominations live to advance Christianity, or Christianity to advance the denomination.

The Strength of Union

Against this denominational tendency there is being tried to-day in the town of East Lansing, Michigan, a unique experiment. East Lansing exists for the university in its midst; by a very great majority its townsmen are students at or servants of the Michigan Agricultural College. About 1902, when the community was very young, there was organized by members of the faculty the first church in town, called the People's Church. It recognized no denominational affiliations, and for a series of years it ministered with success to the community. But the Michigan Agricultural College grew, and in proportion East Lansing prospered. Denominational leaders wished for other churches, but those townfolk who had come to love the People's Church refused to recognize the need. The question was asked, Why can not the Methodists and Baptists, as well as other denominations, minister through the People's Church? And in answer an interdenominational church was proposed; leaders were called into conference. For two years there were gatherings and foregatherings in an attempt to arrive at an agreement which should be satisfactory to the ecclesiastical leaders, the lawyers, and the laity of at least four great denominations—the Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists. In 1922 the amalgamation was effected, and there flourishes in East Lansing, Michigan, to-day, an "Interdenominational, Evangelical Christian Church."

I visited it last July and saw the foundations of the great new structure, a religious plant toward which the four denominations contributed twenty-five thousand dollars each, and the People's Church, including land, about two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

Here, in the present building, worship the citizens of East Lansing and the students of the Michigan Agricultural College. On its church boards and committees serve the citizens and the students—students chosen by the college in their annual elections.

Knowing something of the lack of

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union within single denominations, I marveled at the leadership which could unify such divergences as were represented here. "What is the secret?" I asked a trustee of the church. This was his answer: "Any one may join our church who will state that he believes in the teachings of Jesus Christ and as far as he is humanly able will abide by them in his life. There are many differences in interpretation of doctrine in our midst, but we put them aside. What we agree on we discuss; what we disagree on we pass over in silence."

Under the direction of Professor R. Bennett Weaver, student pastor in function although not in name, the religious activities of the campus are being brought more and more into connection with the church, and students find in the Interdenominational Church a natural channel for religious expression.

The problem of religious co-operation which has been solved so effectively at East Lansing, Michigan, is one of the perplexing problems of the church and its offsprings to-day. Jealousies and petty rivalries are common human frailties, and co-operation is rendered ineffectual when they are present.

I visited recently a mid-Western city which houses several schools and colleges of importance. The relations between the schools are generally friendly, and the religious lines of the town are drawn not according to school but according to denomination. Each of the large denominations has a carefully organized work for the students, and to an observer judging by enrollments and organizations the situation is most advantageous. But on closer investigation I learned that there was among the student congregations and Bible classes rivalry which was more than friendly competition. On more than one occasion I was told, "Now I don't want to be quoted on this, but —— Bible class is using unfair means to secure a large attendance, and —— student congregation indulges in sensational advertising. Of course I wouldn't say anything, but it isn't fair." And soon I found myself in the midst of a silent warfare wherein the weapon was backbiting. I found no evidence of any attempt on the part of the trained leaders (all belonging to the older generation) to arrive at any reconciliation or truce among the groups. And I fell to wondering if the situation was quite as healthy as I supposed it to be.

Then I met a remarkable young man, a student at one of the colleges, who, by calling together officers of the several important groups, of his own initiative had organized a Students' Religious Union. Under his leadership a constitution was drawn up and accepted, with this expressed aim for the Union: "To make possible, through a fine spirit of Christian co-operation, a united front of religious elements in regard to those problems which are fundamental to us all."

The Union has been in existence only one year, and there is inevitably much for it to do. Its organizer and leader told me of his plans for the coming year, plans for a common welcome to new students, a series of non-competitive social events, and a common dealing with campus problems. And then he said: "But the Union has a bigger task than any of these. Among certain of our organizations there is friction. —— Bible class is using what appears to be unfair means to secure a large attendance, and —— student congregation indulges in sensational advertising. As soon as the new year starts our executive committee will go to the leaders of those groups and ask them to change certain of their ways. We want to co-operate with them in their large attendance and methods of advertising, but we want to do it for the advantage of all concerned."

That was youth's way of dealing with a vexing problem. Youth may not always be right, but when it shows such insight and courage it deserves a helping hand as well as a round of applause.

Linkenville Gets a Boom

By GEORGE WITTEN

The town that clamored for better railroad service becomes easy pickings for a crook

REYNARD FULLER sat in a dingy downtown office of the city and read studiously through a pile of country newspapers. Fuller loved the country towns of America and always was keenly interested in what they were doing, or trying to do. Country towns are ambitious. They are like young Americans, full of hopes and dreams of the future. Learn their desires, and Reynard Fuller could mold them to his liking.

The Linkenville "Blade," which made a slash at the world once a week, clamored loudly for better railroad service for Linkenville. The present insufficient service was stagnating the town's growth. The "Blade" set forth in indignant terms the fact that other towns in their vicinity were growing to metropolitan size and leaving them in the background. Men of enterprise and capital could not be induced even to visit the town, and they couldn't be blamed; for it takes three hours longer and costs more to reach Linkenville from New York than it does to reach Birktown, which is thirty miles farther away.

This unjust state of affairs had been called to the attention of the railroad officials, the Railroad Commission, the State Legislature, and even the Governor of the State, while the "Blade" made a weekly howl to the world in general. But each wail brought the same reply: "Increase your shipping and passenger travel, and arrangements will be made to increase the railroad service."

The editor of the "Blade" compared this reply to the brilliant statement of the woman who told her daughter not to go near the water until she learned how to swim. Linkenville could not get better railroad service until she increased her industries, and thereby her shipping, and she couldn't increase her industries until she got better railroad service. Well, Linkenville had always voted a Conservative ticket, but if they couldn't get some justice from the powers that were, they would swing the whole of their 2,473 votes to the Radicals.

Here was a situation that just suited Reynard Fuller. He would show the people of Linkenville that at least one capitalist with brains and enterprise could see the advantages of their town and realized the injustice that was being done them. The inconvenience of reaching them would not deter him. He consulted time-tables, and found that he could get a through Pullman to Birktown, where he would have to wait a couple of hours for

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a local that would back-shunt him to Linkenville. But Reynard Fuller was a man of purpose, and once he set his hand to the plow no such hardship of travel would make him turn back.

From the advertisements on the back and fourth pages of the "Blade" Fuller learned that the Mansion House was "Linkenville's most sumptuous and commodious hotel;" therefore he wired to the manager requesting that he reserve a sitting-room, bedroom, and private bath for himself, and adjoining a bedroom and private bath for his secretary. The Mansion House possessed only two bathrooms, and one of these had for some time been used as a storeroom. Fuller's telegram brought a flurry to the hotel staff. Such a demand had not been made in the hotel's history since the time that the president of a large canning factory had visited the town eight years before with a view to considering the feasibility of building a factory there. He had, however, quickly abandoned the idea on account of the poor train service.

After Henry Spitzenkoff, the hotel proprietor, had answered Fuller to the effect that the hotel was very much crowded at that time, but that they would do the best they could for his comfort, he turned out all hands and the cook to clear ship for action and make ready to receive so important a personage. Then he telephoned to Bob Blackton, editor-in-chief of the "Blade," and told him of the forthcoming arrival of the great Reynard Fuller.

"When does he get here?" asked Blackton, in suppressed excitement. A man who traveled with a secretary and demanded a suite of rooms was important enough to have a double-column spread in the Blade."

"Thursday morning, I think," replied Spitzenkoff.

"That's too bad; it will mean that we'll have to hold the paper up a day and bring it out on Saturday." The "Blade" was usually turned out on Friday, so as to get it distributed among the surrounding farms by Saturday for Sunday's reading.

Fuller knew the advantage of making an impressive entrance. When he reached Birktown, he sent a second telegram, in his secretary's name, stating that Reynard Fuller would arrive at Linkenville on the 3:19 train that afternoon.

The result of these advance notices was that the Mayor, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, and all the leading business men of Linkenville had their best suits pressed, made a rush on the local barber shop for shaves and haircuts, filled their pockets with the best cigars the town could produce, and waited expectantly for the 3:19.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen," Reynard Fuller addressed the people of Linkenville gathered in the Town Hall the following evening, "as President of the Federated Box Corporation I want to tell you that the Corporation is ready to move its factory from Waycross to Linkenville. The demand for our boxes has become so great that we find it necessary to enlarge our plant. Owing to the price of real estate and the crowded conditions at Waycross, it is impracticable for us to attempt to expand there.

"Federated has always worked along safe and conservative lines, making small but assured profits for its shareholders. It is our intention to continue this policy. That is why we are coming to Linkenville. We know that we can be of great benefit commercially to your city, therefore we feel safe in assuming that we will get better co-operation here than we would in an overcrowded factory town.

"Yesterday I spent several hours in Birktown and met several of its leading business men; they have tried to induce us to move our plant there, and made me a very tempting offer; at the same time they pointed out the fact that the railroad service from Linkenville is very inadequate, and would be a great handicap to our work." A murmur of indignation spread through the assembly. The idea of those Birktown grafters trying to rob Linkenville of this chance! That's what they always did—waylaid every man of means who started for Linkenville and tried to induce him to stay in Birktown.

This murmur of indignation was what Fuller wanted, and his eyes sparkled with humor at the sound of it. "But," he continued, raising his voice in enthusiasm, "there is one thing that I didn't tell the people of Birktown that I'm going to tell you now! Robert MacGregor, President of the Inland and West Railroad, is a personal friend of mine, and is a large stockholder in Federated. When he learns that we are coming here, he will give us the service we want, not only on account of his friendship for me, but because of his interest in the Federated Box Corporation. People of Linkenville, with your co-operation we can make this city the most important place on the Inland and West Railroad. Will you join with us and put this thing through?"

The hall shook with the thunder of applause that followed. Men and women jumped up in their seats, and yelled: "Sure we will!" "Tell us what you want!" "We're with you!" "Let's go!"

Fuller raised his hand for quiet, and when the tumult had stopped continued: "It will cost $100,000 to move our plant here. Therefore we shall have to dispose of a large block of our treasury stock. I can safely say that the present stockholders will take $50,000 worth of this issue, but it is our policy to have the citizens of the town in which we locate become partners in our enterprise, and we expect the people of Linkenville to subscribe to the other $50,000 worth. There are several towns besides Birktown that are ready to subscribe to the whole $100,000 worth, but the location of Linkenville is best suited for our purposes. Our stock has averaged an annual dividend of 7 per cent; that is not big, I will grant you, but it is conservative and safe, and the benefits to be gained by having our plant here make it worth while for every citizen of Linkenville to invest. Now, ladies and gentlemen, it is up to you."

Spitzenkoff had visions of building a new hotel which would be up to date and have a bathroom with every suite. Blackton saw the "Blade" developing into an eight-page daily. The Mayor chuckled at the thought of his real estate doubling in value in a few months. The President of the Chamber of Commerce began to make plans for enlarging his Gents' Clothing Emporium into a big department store.

Within a few days homes and businesses were mortgaged, and the $50,000 necessary to bring about this great boom was soon raised. Fuller and his "secretary," a smart-looking young woman, were busy exchanging stock certificates for cash. When the cash was all in and had been drafted to the New York account of the Federated Box Corporation, Fuller and his "secretary" left for Waycross to commence making arrangements for the removal of the box plant to Linkenville.

Linkenville enjoyed its boom for several weeks, then its citizens began to wonder why they didn't hear from Fuller. Finally they sent a deputation to New York and Waycross. At New York they found that the Federated Box Corporation had vacated its offices a month previous and left no address. At Waycross they found a dilapidated building on a back lot across the front of which read "FEDERATED BOX CORPORATION." The building was empty, and inquiry disclosed the fact that the Federated Box Corporation had cost the citizens of Waycross nearly $40,000.

A letter to Robert MacGregor, President of the Inland and West Railroad, brought a reply that he had never heard of Reynard Fuller or the Federated Box Corporation.

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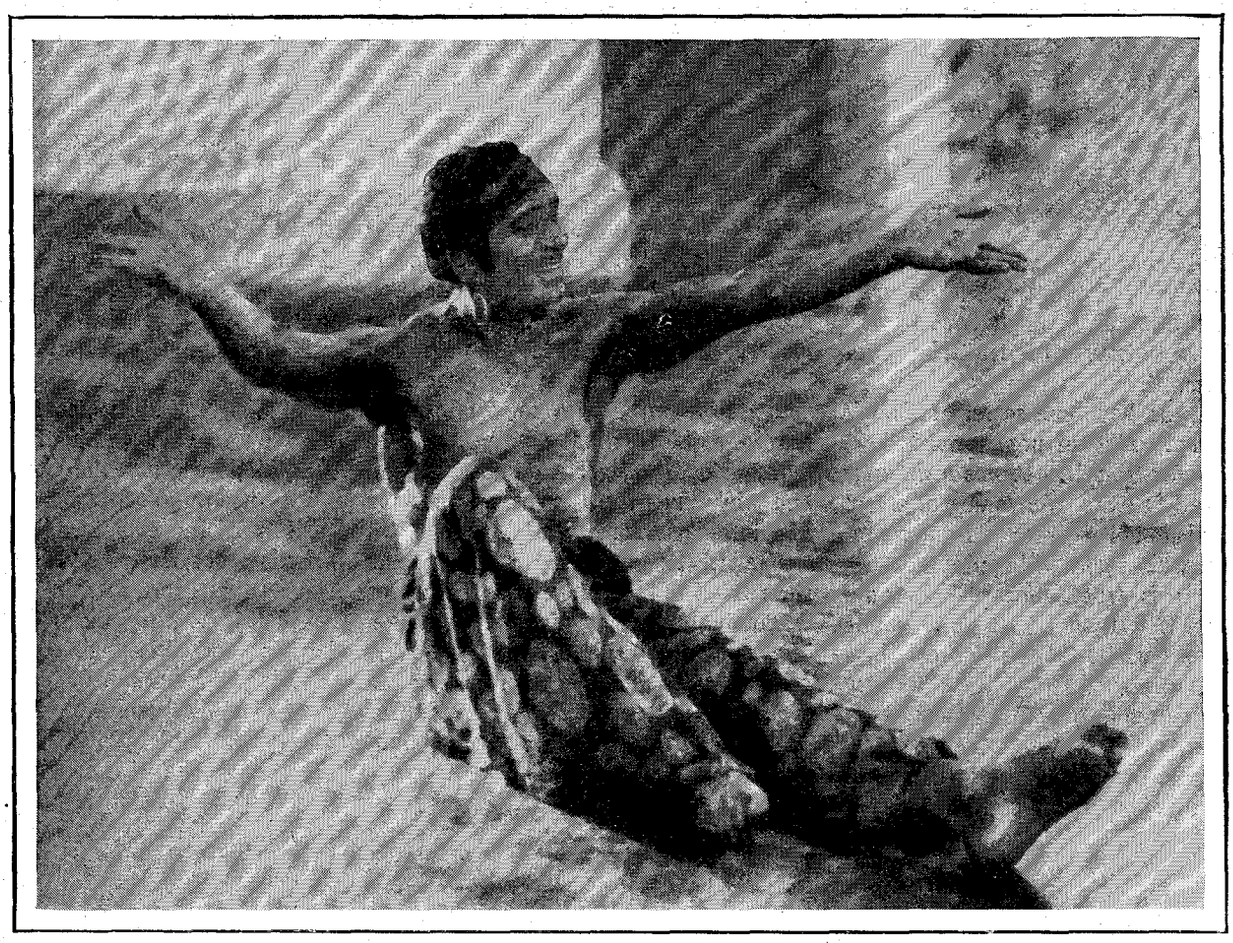

Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad," a hero of romance starting out to overthrow the tyranny of circumstance

The Most Popular Man in the World

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

Who tells how Douglas Fairbanks achieved fame and what he plans to do with it

THE - MOST - POPULAR - MAN - IN - THE - WORLD was in a philosophical frame of mind. "You know how it is," said he, seriously, "we imagine we do as we please—but we don't. Nineteen times out of twenty what we do is the automatic result of something that happened before. Most of the time we are automatons—and we just kid ourselves into believing we are free agents." He put his head on one side and glanced at me quizzically.

"Yes," I agreed, "nineteen times out of twenty. And then along comes a man who grabs Fate by the beard (if he or she has one) and smashes the automatic idea, and breaks every principle of self-preservation, the survival of the fit, and so on. Like the man who gives his life to throw a child from the path of an engine."

Douglas Fairbanks nodded emphatic approval. And his recent and very remarkable pictures show that very thing—the defiance of fate and the conquest of fear. They picture heroes triumphant over both nature and man. Possibly that is one reason why thousands of discouraged humans go forth from one of his film-dramas ready to fight the dull round of circumstance.

There are several reasons why the appearance of Douglas Fairbanks will stop traffic dead in London, or Paris, or Madrid, or even in *blasé* New York. But this is possibly the strongest as well as the most subtle. It may be almost subconscious, but he stimulates us to fight for our ambitions and to revive them if they are dying—and to laugh at the same time. No reward in friendship or in gold can be too much for such a service!

If you wax enthusiastic about some celebrity, folk say, "Oh, yes, press-agent stuff!" But, after all, it is a mighty significant thing that Douglas Fairbanks has done. It isn't for nothing that Europe turns out *en masse* to greet him and that he is the hero of Young America. You know this is true as well as I do. Let us be frank about it. He is the most popular man in the world. Reams have been written about him. All I hope to do is to see if we cannot study him and his work a little and see how he got where he is. And, anyway, Doug hardly needs a press agent. But let's get back to our subject.

We were saying that a fundamental idea found in Doug's pictures is a defiance of fate, a breaking of the chains of circumstance, and we can add to this the discovery that happiness is yours—if you go forth and earn it.

Now how do you suppose Doug sprung upon this thought that has given joy to youth and heartened many of us ancients? Well, if you must know, he didn't spring upon it at all. He was born with it, and displayed it at an early age—with the aid of a rock, a window, and an innocent Chinese laundryman.

Here was an adventurous youngster trying to find a thrill in calm, respectable Denver—placid Denver, whose pioneer days were in the distant past. A hopeless situation to confront a mournful

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youth bored almost to extinction. Then, one day, a brilliant solution burst upon his dreary soul. An adventure appeared, replete with danger and blood-chilling possibilities. Doug had a deep and abiding fear of Chinamen—uncanny men and darkly mysterious. So what did he do but throw a rock through a hard-working laundryman's window, and then go racing away in breathless terror, pursued by a highly indignant Celestial! And he got away with it. The thrill was achieved.

There you have one secret of Doug's philosophy. Not an urge towards lawlessness; far from it. It was a defiance of a dread fate, an overcoming of a real fear, and a fighting escape from consequences, with a gain of happiness.

Alas, it is true! After that many rocks went through that unfortunate Chinaman's window, nor did the furious Oriental ever catch him. One unlucky day, however, he threw a stone at an inoffensive rag-picker, and the rag-picker up and caught him. After that rock-throwing palled and a search for new adventure began. You can't always control life as you can a movie scenario. Maybe that's why Doug took his new-found philosophy to the films.

("Was he an attractive child?" you ask. Well, no one seems to show much enthusiasm on that subject. Even his mother would not show the infant Douglas to curious visitors. And you know how mothers delude themselves about their own small lambs, no matter how unexpected and disconcerting their make-up. Judge for yourself.)

You will hardly believe it: this laughing hero of a thousand make-believe adventures never smiled or laughed before he was seven. He was a preternaturally solemn infant, looking sadly at the gyrations of the devoted souls who tried to break the spell. Then, when he was seven, something broke one day, and he began to laugh. And he hasn't ceased since—thanks be! And so open is his smile and so honest is that laugh that, healthy laughing being highly contagious, half of the world laughs with him. That alone might explain why swarms of youngsters and armies of disillusioned grown-ups block whole avenues, curb to curb, in order to get a glimpse of him, and why kings step down and welcome him into their homes and hearts.

Exaggerated? Hardly. The papers were filled last summer with stories of welcoming mobs and of royal welcomes. Not since the visit of Wilson have the common folk of Europe crowded the streets for any American as they did for the Fairbankses. Yes, Mary Pickford was there too; but that is another story, and a good one. And not since Roosevelt have the great ones of the old countries and the ancient aristocracies given so friendly a welcome to any of us.

But there is much more to Douglas Fairbanks than a philosophy of good cheer and undaunted courage. We can see how he achieved his philosophy, but it is not so easy to trace out the beginnings of his skill as a manager and his interest in artistic productions.

The story of his early schooling does not throw much light on this side of his development. His career as a schoolboy seems to have been noteworthy for its exciting moments rather than for any foreshadowing of his leaning toward literature and art.

I asked Douglas Fairbanks concerning the truth of a story that his parents, in desperation, sent him to the Jarvis Military Academy of his home town—and that the Academy subsequently burned down.

"No," said Doug, seemingly with regret, "I didn't set fire to it." Then he brightened up. "But I might have!" he added.

The explanation which he offered for his failure to fall within the clutches of Ben Lindsey's Juvenile Court was simplicity itself.

"It's easily explained," said Doug, grinning cheerfully. "Lindsey hadn't started that court yet."

All this does not mean that he was a lawless and incorrigible young cub. Nothing of the kind. He was merely a very vigorous youngster, bubbling with energy and good spirits, demanding that life furnish him with adventure.

When Douglas graduated from high school, he did begin to lay the foundations for his successful work. A brief period in the Colorado School of Mines may have helped him to develop that very high degree of mechanical ingenuity so obvious in the production of his films. After the Colorado School of Mines came Harvard, where culture is generally presumed to reside, and then a brief wrestling match with the law. By this time he had developed a wide range of interests and a broad knowledge of books.

Amateur theatricals now came to oc-

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks find a crowd of five thousand people awaiting their arrival at the railway station at Barcelona, Spain. A good movie needs no linguistic interpreter

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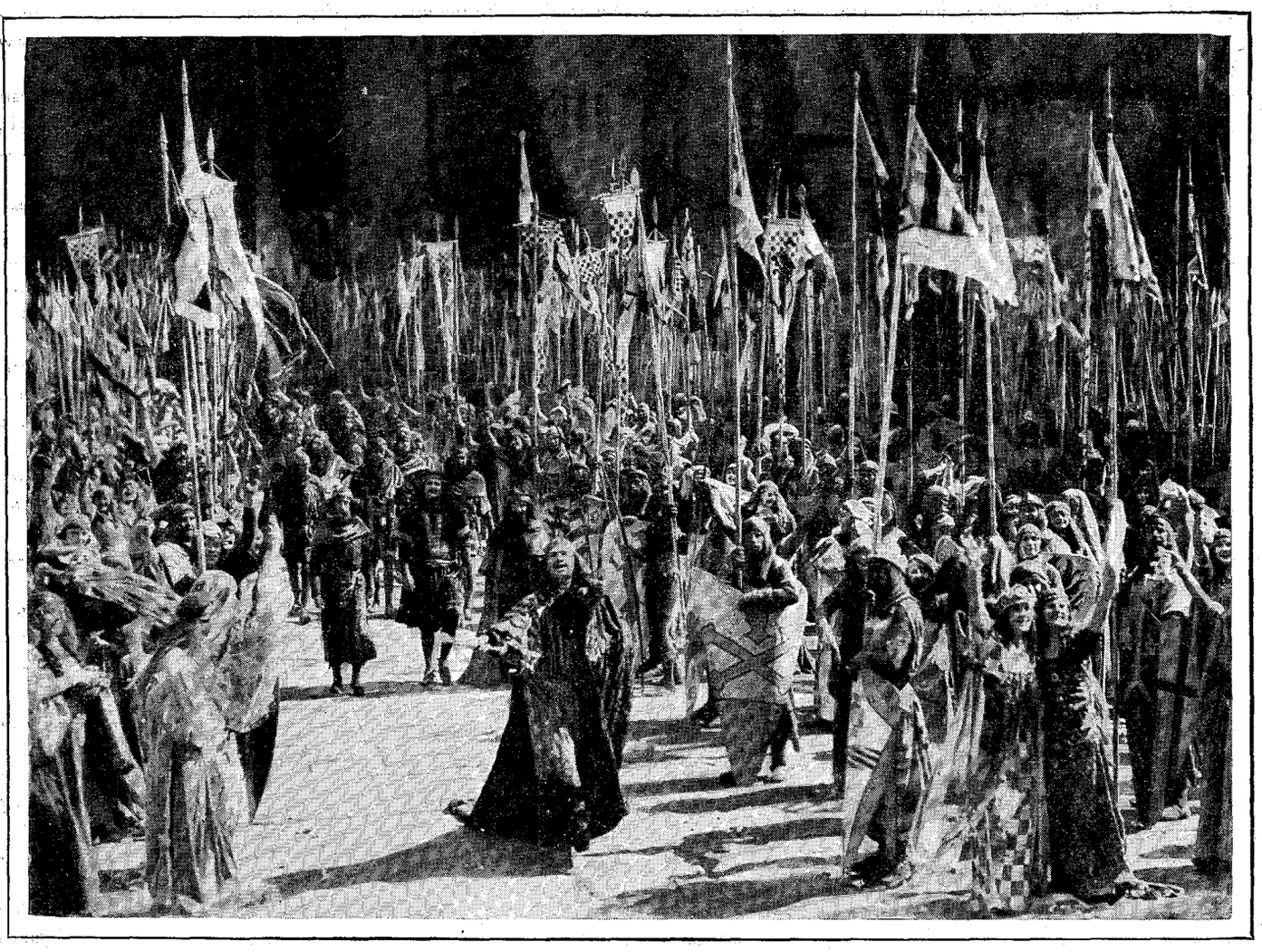

Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood portrays a classic example of the man who made romance and high adventure of his war upon the world

cupy an increasing share of his time, and from the amateur stage he graduated to Broadway.

I never saw him on the stage, and so do not know whether he was an able actor or not. I doubt if he was very wonderful. When one has seen all of his important pictures, and then has come to know the man personally, it becomes obvious that on the screen he does not act at all. He simply portrays himself. He acts in his natural manner. In fact, he is likely at any time to improvise as he goes along. Obviously, then, you behold on the screen the real Douglas Fairbanks. It is his real personality with which the vast motion-picture audience has become acquainted. It is without doubt, therefore, the best-known personality in the world, and, withal, a very engaging one. And this helps us to understand why otherwise sedate citizens turn out *en masse* wherever he goes.

A philosophy of aspiration and courage, an amazing skill in the projecting of his personality before the public, and the fact that the American public does have a real hankering for clean and intelligent fun—these are the three factors which have placed Douglas Fairbanks in the forefront of the world of the silver screen.

Douglas Fairbanks's films are clean in the best sense of that word. And the reason why Douglas Fairbanks's films are clean is to be found in his attitude towards his work.

"I run across many first-rate stories," said Doug. "I discovered two corking ones this last summer in Europe. They would go mighty well in pictures. And there's nothing indecent about them either. But I can't use them. Why, look you!" he exclaimed, shaking an emphatic finger; "whenever a picture shows up with my name on it, don't I know that almost every American boy is going to save his pennies and see it? Every boy and every girl? They believe in me. A lot of them seem to think that if 'Doug' does it then it must be right. No, I can't do it. I can't make a film that isn't clean and that hasn't the right kind of ideal behind it. It's all right to talk about making films just for adults. It can't be done. I've got to think of Young America when I plan my pictures!"

And he does think a lot of Young America. A close friend of his told me that when, a few years back, he realized how great a hold he had gained on American young people he not only became exceedingly scrupulous in his films, but in everything he did. This is an attitude that would be completely beyond the comprehension of a very large number of producers of motion pictures.

From the receding sea of sensuousness and sensuality, of cheapness and vulgarity, that many of the foreign-minded magnates of our movie world deemed necessary to accomplish the all-important task of filling their pockets with the shekels of movie fans, the work of Douglas Fairbanks rises like a mountain peak at the ocean's brim. He has won his fame by bringing the ideals of virile romance to a workaday world, by his power to live the dreams of others, and by his skill in making wholesome things a thousand times more interesting to youth and age than the type of work which his influence has done so much to supplant. It is a happy augury of the fundamental sentiments of human kind that Piccadilly stops dead, Barcelona goes frantic, and even Broadway becomes impassable when Doug goes by. Hats off to this dispenser of clean delights!

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Where Hazard is the Price of Safety

By RALPH CHANDLER PARKER, Commander, U. S. N.

"SAY, Eddie, give that explosion on the Alaska half a column and head it 'Big Naval Disaster Due to Carelessness,'" or "There's a coupla destroyers just in to the Navy Yard that bumped each other. Write it up under 'Error in Maneuvering Causes Crash in Fog.'"

Why not? News is news, and a hard-driven editor must think of the many to whom it makes good reading matter rather than the few who may be concerned over the light in which it puts their particular profession or organization.

Now this is neither a defense of the Navy nor a complaint against the press. The defense is not needed, and the press, except when policy happens to dictate a fulmination against militarism in general, may be convicted of a sneaking fondness for the Navy, that is rather kindly and disinterested when we consider that the Navy buys no advertising space and represents neither political power nor numerous subscriptions.

But accidents happening to or on board of naval vessels do seem to be featured in the papers with what may well seem a disturbing frequency. How is the citizen reader to know just what they indicate in regard to the efficiency of his Navy?

As a matter of fact, he cannot know exactly, but in weighing such news items he can at least make full allowance for certain conditions, which we will try to outline.

First, there is the mental reaction of the reader himself.

The public at large absorbs impressions more readily than it analyzes facts. Your citizen can read the harrowing details of the latest smash-up on a suburban railroad without turning a hair, for the railroads are so much part of his daily life that he senses how small the percentage of accident really is despite what he may read.

But when the bold headlines announce disaster in some service or profession which otherwise seldom comes to his notice at all, he is bound by the simplest laws of mental suggestion to regard that service as being either extra-hazardous or woefully inefficient.

Second, there is the special stress given to Naval casualties over and above the actual importance of the occurrence itself. This is through no spirit of discrimination, but because the Navy, being a public and National affair, with a touch of the romantic and picturesque about it, has a high news value. And who can blame the write-up man if he flavors the actual facts with a little dressing of sensationalism for good measure?

Similar casualties occur in other professions without attracting the same degree of publicity.

A construction gang in the back districts may act too familiarly towards a stick of dynamite and hoist themselves into a better world without attracting more than passing notice.

A five-thousand-ton freighter may go ashore on Fire Island as a total loss, and, unless there is loss of life or an exceptionally good story in it, get not more than fifteen lines buried in the shipping news; whereas a battleship, merely stirring up the mud and getting off unharmed at next high tide, gets a full column on the front page, and possibly a cut of the ship and her billy-goat mascot in next Sunday's illustrated section.

Third, it is true that accidents do happen in the Navy from time to time, but it should be realized that they represent the price paid in constant striving after higher efficiency and accepting the hazards incident thereto.

In the practice of gunnery and torpedoes giant forces must be handled with the same second-splitting rapidity that a team handles a baseball, and with destruction sometimes the penalty to be paid for an error.

In strategic and tactical exercises men-of-war must cruise and maneuver together in close formations, at high speeds, often in fog or bad weather, sometimes at night without lights, and under such conditions that the slightest failure of any human or mechanical element may render destruction inevitable.

They must constantly navigate through waters and into ports which are unfamiliar to them and are frequently poorly lighted and charted, since they run on no port-to-port schedule, but must go where they are needed.

They must place heavy responsibilities on young and comparatively inexperienced men, since, with the vast and increasing number of branches and sciences to the naval profession, there is a constant turnover in personnel between one duty and another. All these exigencies are peculiar to the naval service, and would raise the toll of life and material to even greater proportions were not skill and caution the general rule.

Now the average taxpayer may say: "This is all very well; but even one human life lost in time of peace is one too many, and when forty or fifty are snuffed out in one puff of flame or when valuable ships that we have paid for are lost or damaged something ought to be done about it. Why can't they slow down and go easy so that there won't be any danger?"

The reason lies right here—in the responsibility of the Navy men towards the taxpayer, who is their ultimate employer.

Heaven knows they like to stay alive no less than do other men, nor is it for personal pleasure or profit that they set themselves difficult and sometimes hazardous tasks.

But they know that a navy anything less than 100 per cent efficient is worse than none at all, since, while giving a sense of security and confidence, it would fail under the ultimate test of war. This readiness and efficiency can be assured only by constant exercise in time of peace, simulating as closely as possible actual war conditions, and eternally striving after improvement in mechanism and method. This in turn involves a certain element of hazard, for, after taking every known precaution and eliminating every conceivable source of danger, there always remains the unforeseen combination of circumstances, the one chance in a thousand, which by malign fate may spell disaster.

On the other hand, few things would be easier than for them to lower their standards of efficiency to a secure, comfortable level, and at the same time to cajole the public into believing that everything was of the best.

Nothing more simple than to stay in port most of the time, giving parades and entertainments, taking part in all the flower festivals and old home weeks, staging a few spectacular (and wholly useless) drills and exercises, keeping on the right side of the local politicians, paying more attention to the press agent and the photographer than to the gunner and the engineer, assuring the public that our Navy is the best in the world, and, in general, finding ease and safety in a policy of "polishing up the handle of the big front door," with the taxpayer firmly believing that he was getting his money's worth and more liberally inclined towards the service than he is now.

Give the Navy credit for this, then that its men choose the sterner alternative of their own volition, and not through necessity; through sense of duty rather than through self-interest.

And if what they do involves a certain element of danger, may it not be that to do anything less would amount to a betrayal of the Nation that employs them?

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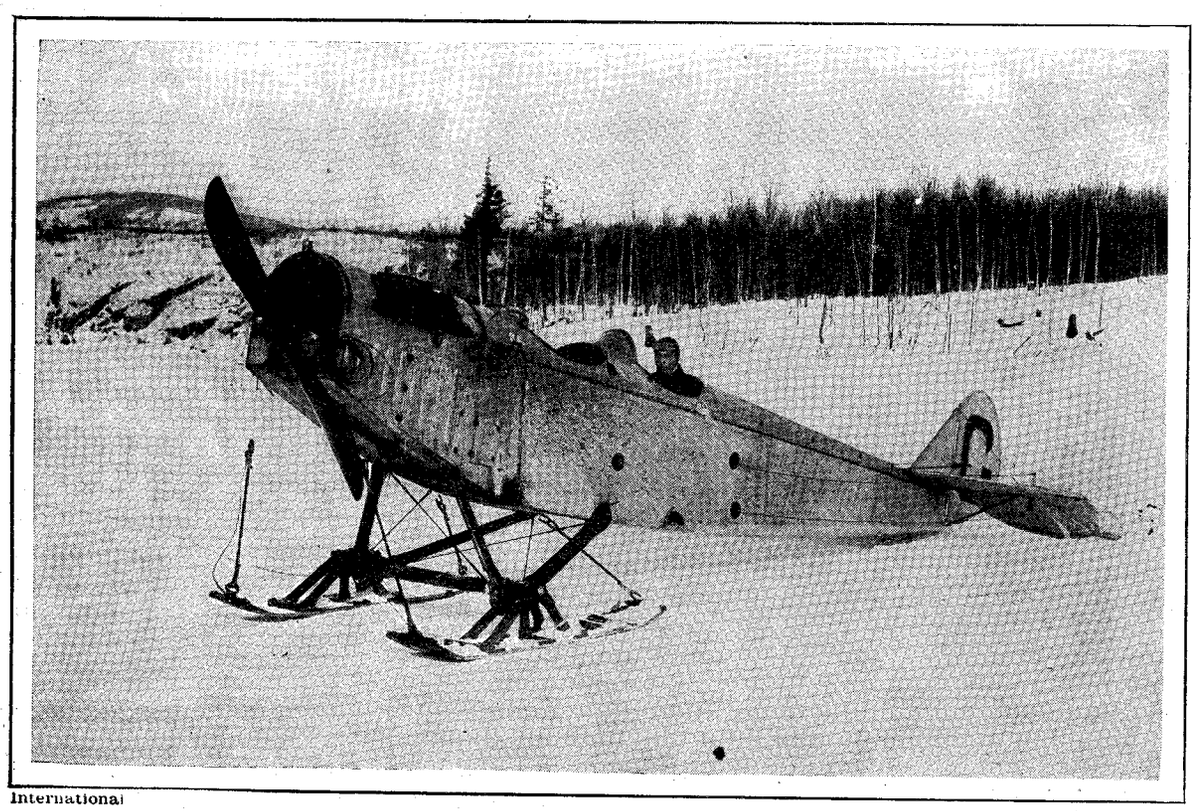
Winter Flights

International

The latest thing in Ski Jumping—Two men taking off simultaneously at Dufferin Terrace, Quebec; the lower town and the St. Lawrence River in the background



International

Aero Ski-ing, a novel winter sport, as seen on Lac Ouimet, in the Laurentian Mountains, Quebec—an airplane minus wheels and wings but with skis attached, and capable of making ninety miles an hour

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The Book Table

Speak of Me as I Am

By Edmund Lester Pearson

BETWEEN an extremely elegant young playwright and a grave statesman, between a "notorious" rogue and counterfeiter and a successful editor of a metropolitan newspaper, between a famous comedian of to-day and an obscure young English traveler who has been dead for a century, there is not much in common. If I go about to discover some forced reason why their biographies are discussed together, I shall deceive nobody. Aside from the fact that they are all biographies, the real reason for putting them in a group is that I find them, as I am apt to do with this kind of book, among the most interesting works of the season, and that I am certain that at least one or two of them will appeal to every one who chances to read this article.

Mr. Steuart's life of Stevenson and Mr. White's book on Woodrow Wilson are provocative of discussion; one or two of the others are informative; Mr. Edward P. Mitchell's autobiographic "Memoirs of an Editor"[1] does not set out to provoke argument, nor primarily to give instruction. So far as I am concerned, it succeeds in being the most readable and delightful of them all. To my own shame, and to the unutterable scorn of older New Yorkers, even the name of the author was unfamiliar to me. But this is partly due to the modesty of the man who for many years directed the editorial page of "The Sun," made it a delight to so many readers, yet kept his own name unfamiliar except to a comparatively small circle of public men and newspaper men. Mr. Mitchell's is a model autobiography, modest, yet sufficiently personal; and full of recollections of men and events since the days of Lincoln. He saw Lincoln eating baked beans in the White House. He attended the hanging of one of my pet murderers—Louis Wagner, of Isles of Shoals fame. And he investigated the ghost in the Charles Street School, Newburyport—a ghost who had entertained my father; who years afterwards had power to annoy my brother, making his early morning rounds with newspapers; and twenty years later still had some kick left when I voted at an election in the same school building where he was wont to walk.

Mr. William Allen White's campaign against the Ku Klux Klan was one of the few refreshing things which preceded the elections of last month. His book on President Wilson[2] is a strange work; interesting but peculiar. He tries to steer a middle course between the partisans, who see the ex-President as "some sort of Heaven-sent Messiah," and his enemies, who make of him "a fine old striped devil." He fears that he may please neither, and in that fear he is probably justified. But it is the partisans and friends who are most apt to be offended, and the comments which have already appeared about this book seem to show that it is making them writhe. With all his faults, Mr. White seems to say, I love him still. And he makes such a catalogue of the faults that the book, like the Page letters, is perhaps more destructive to Mr. Wilson's reputation than the attack of an enemy. Surely, a public man would not wish for a biographer who should end with the statement that his hero's place "in the history of the world will not be determined by his character." Mr. White quotes the legend in Augusta that, as a boy, "Tommy" Wilson would throw down his bat and leave the field when he had a sense of injustice, and refers to this unpleasant characteristic as persisting in later life. "As a master, he was royal; as a fellow, he failed" (page 214), is a weird comment upon a leader of a democracy! "He loved the American people, but he often treated them to an uncandor which seemed like contempt" (page 378), is another sentence which may keep this book out of the library of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation. Mr. White denounces the order forbidding General Wood to go across with his division as "cruel discourtesy"—disregarding the later attempt to put all the blame upon General Pershing, and ignoring the fact that to the Wilsonian no punishment would have been too gross for a soldier who had dared to advocate preparation a year or two before it became righteous. Mr. White calls the long roll of former friends who were "absent" during Mr. Wilson's last months—it sounds like a scathing indictment of cold-heartedness, egotism, and selfishness. With any other man, it would be so considered. Sometimes one may almost suspect Mr. White of sly humor, as in the sentence: "He was restless, . . . got up, went out on the south veranda of the White House, took his little typewriter with him."

Mr. White's claims are sometimes justifiable—as in his insistence upon the underlying noble intent which animated the struggle for the League of Nations. But he is exasperated with the stubborn egotism which defeated the President's own purpose. He believes in the preposterous theory that it was Mr. Wilson's notes and messages which defeated Germany: "It was Wilson's victory as much as Foch's." This disregards the fact that the Germans had calmly defied Mr. Wilson's little typewriter for two years, until Foch's sword broke them down. The theory is not only cruelly unjust to the Allied and our armed forces, but it is thoroughly poisonous nonsense to promulgate. It is comparable to the claims of some medicine man who tries to cure by incantation, has his innings and fails, and then comes back, when a doctor has effected a cure, and says that he really did it all by his charms and spells. Mr. White repeats the story of the "Sunrise Conference" at the White House between Mr. Wilson and the Democratic leaders, when the President, "seeing red" about the Lusitania, was about to go to war, but was held back by the wicked Congressmen—who are now all dead! This is not the only one of the legends about the times when Mr. Wilson was disposed to do something which his admirers would find it easier to defend, but was held back by evil counselors. There is much in Mr. White's book about Mr. Wilson's Irish side and his Scotch side; the author has a great and, I believe, a misplaced trust in supposed national traits as explanations of character. This would be well enough if all Irishmen were "merry" and if all Scots were "dour."

No; the book surely will not please those who think its subject a "Heaven-sent Messiah." The author describes his first meeting with Mr. Wilson, when he came into the presence of the then Governor of New Jersey as a "hero-worshiper," and was rewarded by having the Governor give him "a hand that felt very much like a five-cent mackerel; . . . he smiled, but I got the wrong side of his face, a side which gave me a certain impression of a reptilian personality—a strong sense of some essential treachery in the man!" Mr. White returns again and again to the noble motives which inspired the fight for the League and the courage which carried it on, but the net

[1] Memoirs of an Editor: Fifty Years of American Journalism. By Edward P. Mitchell, Formerly Editor-in-Chief of "The Sun" of New York. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.50.

[2] Woodrow Wilson: The Man, His Times, and His Task. By William Allen White. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

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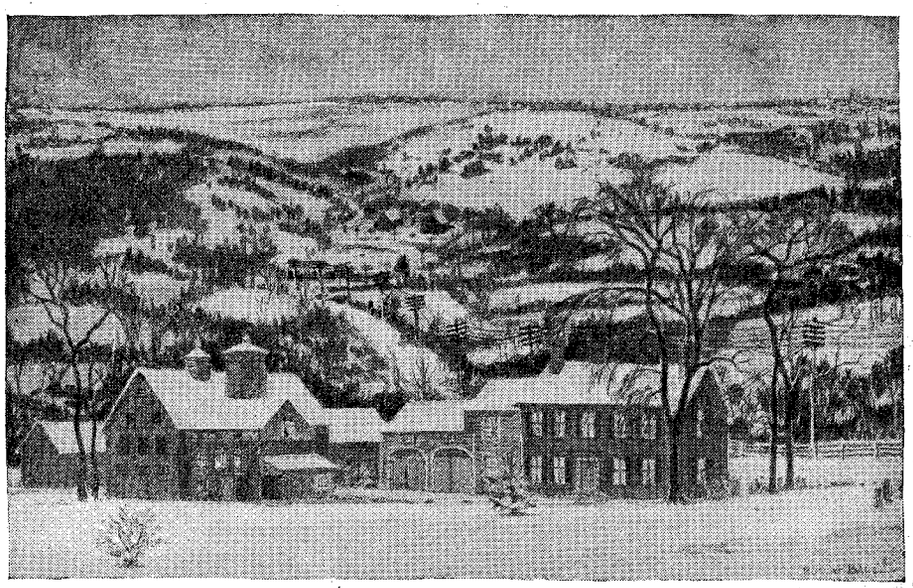
result is the impression that those who wish to cultivate the Wilson legend do not need to guard against books by his ex-friends and enemies (like Mr. Lansing and Mr. McCombs) so much as against books by his too honest supporters who, like Mr. White, have to record that in their actual personal contacts they found him "hard and repellent."

The new book about Stevenson[3] is another example of the modern biographer's determination to paint his hero, wart and all. But the wart on the cheek, upon which Cromwell insisted to his portrait painter, is not enough for the new biographers. If there is a small mole between the shoulder-blades, that must go in too, and probably they would not even shy at another blemish which, if it existed, as Stevenson once said in one of his letters, he would not feel it essential to describe. I have read nearly every one of the more than seven hundred pages in which Mr. Steuart tells "the truth at last" about Stevenson, and although hardly anything about him could ever bore me, and although there is certainly some news in this work and much interesting elaboration of detail, it is a question whether the book is not almost as superfluous, after his own letters and the biography by Balfour, as the autobiography of Mark Twain after the excellent books which had preceded it. It is true that there has been too much canonization of Stevenson; too much attempt to paint him as the Christian hero. If I recollect correctly, his Samoa friend, Mr. Moors, protested long ago that the emphasis upon the Vailima Prayers was turning a very human man into a kind of plaster saint. But the new biographer becomes as serious over the discovery of a wild oat as he might if he had come upon a giant redwood. They are all like that, the new biographers, so perpetually excited about sex that they fail to remember that a love affair at twenty may be fully as unimportant as a stomach-ache at ten.

For witness, let us call upon Mr. Nicholas Cresswell.[4] I fear that he will not come, since he died a hundred and twenty years ago, at the age of fifty-three. When he was twenty-four, he left his home and friends in Derbyshire, and proposed to visit his Majesty's colonies in North America. He had thoughts of settling as a gentleman farmer in these colonies, but chose the year 1774 for his visit. As some of us, in the light of our later knowledge, could tell him, this was an unpropitious time. His Majesty's subjects were getting out of hand, and were behaving, as Mr. Nicholas duly set down in his Journal, like "a set of rebellious scoundrels." The young Englishman traveled through Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York, spent three years in this country during the early days of the Revolution, and set down his impressions in this Journal—one of a number of most interesting books recently published by Mr. MacVeagh. The Journal has been published now for the first time, and in its comments upon America, upon the colonial and English leaders, and upon life in New York is a readable and valuable document. The comments upon the people are most abrupt and unflattering—possibly a little too severe at times—but Nicholas's descriptions of his tender affairs, now with an Indian lady, of color rather shady, and now with a charming young married woman in New York, are recited in a dry, businesslike fashion, not unlike that of Mr. Pepys. Not having read any of the modern psychologists, he was unaware that these lights of love would

[3] Robert Louis Stevenson: A Critical Biography. By John A. Steuart. 2 vols. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $8.

[4] The Journal of Nicholas Cresswell, 1774-1777. The Dial Press (Lincoln MacVeagh), New York. $5.



NEIGHBORS

When Ephraim Crosby made a clearing far out on Valley Road and built his house, he had no neighbors. He lived an independent life, producing on the farm practically all that his family ate and wore. Emergencies—sickness and fire and protection of his homestead from prowlers—he met for himself. Later he had neighbors, one five and another eight miles away. Sometimes he helped them with their planting and harvesting, and they helped him in turn. Produce was marketed in the town, twenty miles along the cart-road.

Today Ephraim Crosby's grandchildren still live in the homestead, farming its many acres. The next house is a good mile away. But the Crosbys of today are not isolated. They neighbor with a nation. They buy and sell in the far city as well as in the county-seat. They have at their call the assistance and services of men in Chicago or New York, as well as men on the next farm.

Stretching from the Crosbys' farm living-room are telephone wires that lead to every part of the nation. Though they live in the distant countryside, the Crosbys enjoy the benefits of national telephone service as wholly as does the city dweller. The plan and organization of the Bell System has extended the facilities of the telephone to all types of people. By producing a telephone service superior to any in the world at a cost within the reach of all to pay, the Bell System has made America a nation of neighbors.

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haunt him all his days; he was unhappy in America for economic reasons, and glad at last to return to England. There he married, and, so far as known, lived happily until his death.

Less estimable, no less interesting, but far less dependable for accuracy was Stephen Burroughs[5] of New Hampshire. This edition of his memoirs is printed from the edition of 1811, which appeared while the author was living, and in the odor of supposed sanctity, after his career as privateer, adventurer, occasional schoolmaster, pretended clergyman, and counterfeiter. His enterprises often brought him into conflict with the law; like Benvenuto Cellini, he records what his enemies charged against him, while protesting his spotlessness. A curious book, once known to many readers, but forgotten of recent years, and decidedly an oddity in American letters.

Recollections of "Erminie" and its recent revival, of Edwin Booth and Eugene Field, Joseph Jefferson and Walt Whitman—these with about one thousand amusing anecdotes of the stage make up the extremely enjoyable book that is called "Francis Wilson's Life of Himself."[6] Mr. Wilson pretends to succumb to the current doctrine that one should be candid about "the love passion in one's life" and contributes an amusing if not scientific chapter on "Adventures in Love."

A lively and highly colored personality is reflected in Clyde Fitch's letters.[7] He seems to have lived surrounded by beautiful things and old furniture, and to have dressed exclusively in purple and fine linen. He loved sweets—as more men do than admit it—and thought any dessert a bore unless it was covered with whipped cream. He was always dashing about and writing letters—sometimes almost feminine in their effusiveness—to his friends. Yet this exquisite was a hard-working dramatist, who neglected his health and wore himself out with his labors. He could never neglect the smallest detail of stage setting nor management. His plays entertained thousands of spectators, and it was not unknown to have four or five of his authorship running on Broadway at one time. The editors of this book have not only let Clyde Fitch reveal himself, but they have presented an important chapter in the history of the American stage. It is a thoroughly enjoyable book.

[5] Memoirs of the Notorious Stephen Burroughs of New Hampshire. With a Preface by Robert Frost. The Dial Press (Lincoln MacVeagh), New York. $4.

[6] Francis Wilson's Life of Himself. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

[7] Clyde Fitch and His Letters. By Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.

Half English-Irish and half Greek, Lafcadio Hearn[8] had traces of Moorish and other Oriental blood in his veins. He was a sort of "international cocktail," and felt little comfort with cold Anglo-Saxon folk and in the cold Anglo-Saxon lands where he spent part of his life. Mr. Tinker, in a book designed and illustrated by himself, tells the story of Hearn's years in Cincinnati and New Orleans and his days in New York. It is another book intended to reveal the real man, even if the warts must be painted in. Hearn's occasional fits of waspishness and his inclination toward other races than the white one—which led him once nearly into marriage with a mulatto—are frankly described. His long and ill-paid years as a journalist, his quest for the exotic, the ghostly, and the bizarre, are so well portrayed as to result in a book which literally has no tedious page nor paragraph in it. If Hearn could be called an American, I would put this with Mr. Mitchell's autobiography as one of the two best books dealing with the life of an American I have read this year.

Merely as an example of its contents, there may be cited an anecdote of old Armand Hawkins, Hearn's friend, and a book-dealer, known for years in New Orleans. Hawkins well knew the value of a reputation for eccentricity; he never forsook his old plug hat; and his shop full of old books, antiques, and curious objects seems never to have been dusted nor set in order. (New Yorkers will be reminded of the shop of the late Westminster Abbey.) Mr. Hawkins is said to have sold the "original" sword of Jean Lafitte, the "pirate," to five different customers. One day a friend gave him a young alligator eleven inches long. It promptly disappeared behind a bookcase, and no search could recover it. Five years went by, and Mr. Hawkins's clerk had occasion to go into a neglected closet. He entered the dark place on his hands and knees, but soon backed out, screaming: "Oh, Mr. Hawkins, the devil is in there!" The book-dealer looked in, and could see only two green eyes glowing dimly near the floor. He found a fish-pole and extended it toward the eyes. There was a loud snap, and something like a trap closed on the pole. Together the two men tugged and pulled on the pole, and after a great deal of grunting and groaning, and much scraping and protesting from the closet, they hauled into the light the missing alligator, grown to be five feet in length!

[8] Lafcadio Hearn's American Days. By Edward Larocque Tinker. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $5.

The New Books

FICTION

OM, THE SECRET OF AHBOR VALLEY. By Talbot Mundy. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $3.

Readers who like Kipling's "Kim" will like this story. At least they will like the incidents, the pen-pictures of remote parts of India, the mysterious Lama, and the crowd of strange characters of various races. The culmination of its plot, however, is neither very credible nor quite in tone with the story of danger, travel, and mystery that precedes it.

MATILDA, GOVERNESS OF THE ENGLISH. By Sophia Cleugh. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

This is a joyous, romantic, engaging tale of London and Paris in the days when Victoria was young and duchesses and marquises were awesome figures, yet sometimes funny and often even human. Matilda is innocent, ingenuous, impressionable, but spunky as a Yankee schoolmarm. How she married the nobleman she loved (not for that reason, but disguised and as proxy for the daughter of the Duchess in whose family she was nursery governess) and how she made the noble lord stand around for months before she accepted his devotion and remarried him makes a hilarious and exciting story. In tone it reminds one of Mr. Snaith's "Araminta;" at least both stories are improbable and both girls are adorable; but Araminta was adorably stupid and Matilda is adorably clever. Matilda alone is enough to make the novel entertaining, but there are thrown in two of the quaintest and liveliest children in current fiction.

THE BEST FRENCH SHORT STORIES 1923–1924. THE BEST CONTINENTAL SHORT STORIES 1923–1924. Edited by Richard Eaton. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.50 each.

The editor has evidently put an immense amount of hard work in getting together and translating the fifty or more stories in these two volumes. Hardly anything here will be familiar to American readers. In each volume the field is wide, the variety and contrasts are strong, and they afford capital illustration of the theory and practice of short-story writing abroad.

THE INVISIBLE WOMAN. By Herbert Quick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

Every one who read and enjoyed "Vandemark's Folly" and "The Hawkeye" will wish to read this third story of Iowa as typical of the Middle West. The social changes of the period (coming down to days well in the memory of readers of middle age) are sketched clev-

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erly and amusingly; the political ebullition when Weaver and the Populists raged is touched upon. The plot turns upon an unusual provision in Iowa law under which an illegitimate son might inherit from an intestate father if the father had in general talk admitted his paternity. This gives the author opportunity to deal both realistically and humorously with the lawyers and courts of that time.

As to the characters, the reader rejoices heartily in the re-entrance of Mr. Quick's old-timers—Jake Vandemark, Magnus Thorkelson, Buck Gowdy (the devilish but engaging villain), and Uncle Surajah, poorhouse inventor and as great an optimist as Colonel Sellers. Frankly, we take more interest in the old characters than in the new, and think that Mr. Quick has been only moderately successful in his purpose of making his Christina interesting as a type of the early self-reliant, successful business woman. She was all that, but what was once a wonder is now commonplace; and we don't care a picayune for either of her would-be lovers, or the crazy wife who believes she is Empress of America and tries to "execute" Christina. Yet, be it added, the pleasurable part of the story is far more than enough to balance the less engaging features.

THE PURPLE SAPPHIRE. By John Taine. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

There is such a thing as overworking the possibilities of invention and mystery. The actors in this story penetrate into the depths of the Himalayas, discover the remnant of a lost race which once knew more about science than any one now living, find out how immensely big sapphires can be manufactured, and return with a bag full of sapphires and incidentally a lost English girl. We can readily forgive the story for being improbable; but what we cannot forgive is the author's elephantine attempts at humor.

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY OF MR. PARADYNE. By William J. Locke. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.75.

Mr. Locke turns for a moment from the construction of whimsical novels to give us a charming bit of imaginative story-telling. Every one dreams from time to time of escaping from the rut of commonplace daily experience and wandering foot-loose and free from care. Mr. Paradyne actually does this, with strange and pleasing results. We say "actually does"—but the action does not take place in a dream, neither does it take place literally. Neither Mr. Paradyne nor the reader knows just how this tired and bored London lawyer found himself in the south of France in the possession of a caravan, but in some way he did; and he certainly enjoyed to the full his strange experiences.

BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1924 (THE). Edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.50.

This is the third year for which the editors have done for British short-story writing what Mr. O'Brien alone has done for this kind of American fiction. Naturally most of these twenty-six stories will be unknown this side the Atlantic—indeed, some of the writers' names are unfamiliar. Among the best known are those of McFee, Maugham, Marshall, Katherine Mansfield, and "E. M. Delafield." An amusing, clever dialogue discussion on the Short Story, between the Critical Reader and Mr. Cournos, makes a capital Introduction.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE MANORS AND HISTORIC HOMES OF THE HUDSON VALLEY. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $10.

Descriptions of such famous estates as Livingstone Manor, Pelham Manor, Cortlandt Manor, Scarsdale Manor, and others. Handsome illustrations in photogravure and doubletone from photographs.

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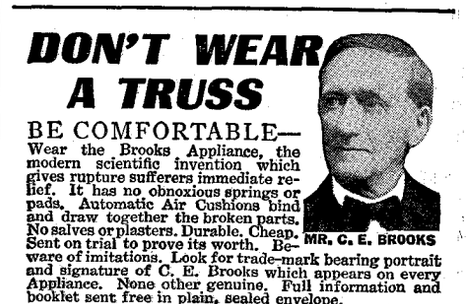
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Diversifying

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

THE principle of diversification of investments is an old one and a simple one. "Don't put all your eggs into one basket, even if you watch that basket," is its essential meaning. In spite, however, of the general familiarity of investors with this basic principle, there are certain aspects of its application which are well worth examination.

I have before me the schedule of the stocks and bonds comprising the estate of a thrifty investor, representing the accumulations of a lifetime. There is a total par value in bonds of about $16,000 and some 330 shares of stock. The bonds are in 18 thousand-dollar pieces—five in electric light companies, four railroads, three power companies, two general industrials, and the rest municipals and scattering. Not more than $1,500 is invested in any one company; the geographical

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distribution is also diversified, as is well illustrated in the rails—one Topeka, one Père Marquette, one Atchison, and one Kansas City, Fort Scott, and Memphis. Practically every bond is a first mortgage, and but one of the lot, a street railway, has "gone bad."

The stocks are not quite so varied. Of the 330 shares, 150 are in a well-established manufacturing company; 54 are in a corporation manufacturing machinery, 40 in another factory, and the rest in scattered small lots in eight different industries.

The total par value of the estate is about $50,000. The proportion of bonds to stocks is about one to two. In all probability, when the estate is settled it will show no significant depreciation from the purchase price except in one or two instances; in several there is appreciation to a fair amount.

Here, then, is a very good example of the practical wisdom of diversification. The eggs are in different baskets; each egg, to carry out the figure, is a good egg, and each basket is a strong basket.

Of course, as has often been pointed out, the mere scattering of investments is of no value unless the investments themselves are of value. Diversification, to mean anything, must be of sound investments.

Assuming, next, that each of your investments appears equally sound, what should be what we may call the "unit of diversification"? What proportion of the entire investment should be in any one security? If the principal is $10,000, should it be invested in ten different things, or in twenty? In the illustration used above about $50,000 was invested in about twenty-five companies, or an average of $2,000 to a company. Is there any general rule to follow?

The answer to this question must necessarily be the evasive answer, "It all depends." Once you adopt the theory of diversification and once you actually diversify, common sense will indicate limits which will be just as safe as if you had gone into the higher mathematics. Roughly speaking, an estate of $100,000 would be well "spread" if not more than $5,000 was put in any one thing, assuming, of course, that there was also proper diversification among types of industries and geographical location. To divide $100,000 worth of property among ten securities would be risky, though it would be safe enough to have $10,000 in one first-class security, provided the others were in units of not more than $5,000.

In diversifying there are many elements to be kept in mind wholly aside from the character of the obligation itself—*i. e.*, in the case of a bond, whether it is a first mortgage or otherwise; in the case of stock, whether it is common or preferred; and so on. It is not enough to consider all manufacturing enterprises as simply "industrials," and rely on grouping them thus as an assurance that there was no duplication within this group. Industrials should be subdivided by type or character of industry; as, for example, shoe manufacturing, textile, machinery manufacturing, watches, and the like. The reason for this is obvious.

Similarly, in the case of railroad bonds or stocks, it is important to know what kind of territory the lines serve and what, therefore, are the probabilities of steady earnings. It would be poor policy in purchasing railroad securities to buy only Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio, Norfolk and Western, and Virginian. The reason for this is less obvious: each of these roads depends chiefly on one kind of freight traffic, namely, soft coal. It would not be diversification to invest, say, $4,000 in four bonds of these four roads.

The problem of diversifying is rela-

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tively simple, provided the few principles set forth above be followed, when you are building up an estate. But there is another phase of diversification which, while somewhat less common, is one that is often met. Suppose that you have possession, either as a trustee or as an heir, of some securities that are badly distributed. You do not feel that you can hold them safely; you wish to reinvest. What is the procedure?

I do not refer to the common case of an executor or administrator who must divide the estate in accordance with the terms of a will. His only course is to sell everything as advantageously as possible and divide the cash.

Recently a block of securities to a total par value of about $300,000 was placed in the hands of a trustee to administer under the terms of a deed prepared by their owner. It became the duty of the trustee, not only to secure as large an income as possible, but to render the estate as safe as possible. Of the $300,000, about $225,000 was in first-mortgage railroad bonds. And almost $100,000 of these, or a third of the estate, was in bonds of one carrier and carriers very closely allied to it. Fifty thousand dollars had been invested in another railroad system whose recent troubles had resulted in depressing the market value of its bonds to half of par. There was a small but well-invested fraction of the estate in public utilities, foreign governments, and power companies. Probably seventy-five per cent of the entire estate had been purchased by the owner at prices, on the average, above the present market; the balance he had inherited.

Here was a very real and a very interesting problem in diversification. In tackling it, it was first necessary to establish some general basis of action. One course, for example, would be to regard the securities as so much cash, taken at their then market prices, and see if they could be sold and converted into other securities, better diversified and yielding the same or a larger income. Many arguments can be advanced in favor of such a course. It is supported by the theory of many buyers, "Don't hold what you wouldn't buy to-day."

The other course would be to study the list minutely, sell wherever selling would bring a profit or no loss, or only a slight loss; reinvest carefully; wait, and repeat the process as occasion and favorable opportunity permitted. Which should be done?

The decision reached in this instance was to adopt the latter policy. The decision was based on two facts: first, that the bonds were all first-mortgage bonds on main railroad systems; second, that, in the opinion of the trustee, the general railroad situation in the country is, if slowly, on the mend. In the case of the $50,000 worth of bonds which would have brought only $25,000 in the market, the trustee argued that even if worse came to worst with this railroad, the first-mortgage bondholders would surely secure at least fifty cents on the dollar; moreover, he could see no likelihood of investing the proceeds in anything sound that would yield twice the interest rate of these bonds—that is to say, 10 per cent.

Gradual diversification, then, was the policy adopted. The first step in carrying it out resulted in a paper capital loss of $3,000 and a real income increase of about $500 a year. Subsequent steps taken in carrying out this plan amply justified its wisdom.

This case may not be typical—is there such a thing as a typical case in the investing field? I cite it here simply to indicate something of the method in which professional investors approach their problems—that is to say, with prudence, forethought, and with the primary aim of having a definite plan of action. It is as true in the business of investing as it is in every other department of life, that a poor plan is better than no plan at all. In investing there is no excuse for having a poor plan; it should always be a choice between sound plans, one of which, in the light of all the facts of the case, must, upon study and reflection, sooner or later be judged better than the other.

I have neglected to mention one principle of diversification which was well emphasized by a writer in "Barron's:"

"Diversifying his holdings from another view-point, the alert investor will not buy all highly marketable or all 'slow' market issues, but maintain a proper proportion between the two, avoiding the sacrifice either of yield or of his principal in case of forced liquidation. Diversifying in still another way the experienced investor spreads the maturities of his bonds between long, short, and medium, protecting his principal and yield in either a rising or falling bond market."

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WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY — 200 sheets good quality bond with 100 envelopes printed with name and address in blue, $1.00. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

MERRY Christmas to all beginning authors sending manuscripts for criticism before 1925. Blakewhiting, Author's Consultant, Branford, Conn.

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TEACHERS AGENCY FOR SALE.—A long established teachers agency in the East is for sale, under favorable conditions. 5,652, Outlook.

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CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

THE Interstate Teachers' Agency, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La., needs teachers for the mid-winter term, for summer work, and for positions open September, 1925. No registration fee.

HELP WANTED

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite A 5842, Washington, D. C.

WANTED at once—Young, experienced, Protestant teacher-governess for girl ten. Country. Good salary. Reference. Box 15, Fairville, Chester Co., Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

ENGLISH-American young woman, highest references, wishes position as companion. 5,639, Outlook.

GRADUATE WELLESLEY COLLEGE, MASS., class of nineteen twenty-four, wants secretarial position with woman engaged in social service work. Eastern location preferred. 5,645, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER—Refined, capable young woman with daughter five years desires position in Protestant family. References exchanged. 5,655, Outlook.

LADY, educated, refined, experienced, wants position; companion, chaperon, managing housekeeper in home, or hostess in club. Employed until January. Credentials. 5,650, Outlook.

TRAVELING companion-chaperon.—Genteel young Southern matron, cultured, adaptable, with personality. Credentials exchanged. 5,653, Outlook.

WANTED, position of responsibility—Governess, companion, or management of motherless home, by cultured, educated young woman qualified by experience and training. English, French, German. Willing to travel. References. Housemother, St. Francis Hospital, San Francisco, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

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For instance, The Outlook's Classified Department has just received this bit of evidence of satisfaction:

> "I expect to use your columns as long as I live. Don't know what I would do without it—The Outlook. . . ."

Surely it can do as well for you. Why not ask us for rates and other specific information?

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THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue New York City

By the Way

A MEMORIAL tablet of an unusual character was unveiled recently at York, Pennsylvania. It is in memory of Phineas Davis, who was buried in an unmarked grave and has had scant recognition of his ability as an inventor. The inscription on the tablet, according to the "Railway Age," reads:

Phineas Davis, born 1795, died 1835. Mechanical engineer, designer and builder of the first successful coal-burning locomotive. A tribute from the Engineering Society of York, Pa., assisted by the Baltimore & Ohio and citizens of York.

The officers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad state that credit is entirely due to Phineas Davis for designing locomotives which could be used to pull heavy trains over grades such as were required to cross the Alleghany Mountains. One of the locomotives he built is still preserved at York.

From "Judge:"

Author (in jesting mood)—"When is a joke not a joke, old man?"

Hardened Humorist—"When it comes back from six different editors with a rejection slip!"

A Guatemala reader, unaware of the fact that our crowded columns do not now admit of the use of "Photographs from Outlook Readers," writes:

Dear Sir—as Seen in the advertising book, that I just receaved that you will perchest photograph, of the kind you like the best, an witch to be obtain I have takeing some very Hansom picture, with Speed len, witch I tink will reach your a proveral by and by, Size 5 x 7 on glossy azo, paper, please let me know how many you will take off each negative and advise of cercomcense.

beg to Remain
Your truly ——.

From the "Tennessee Mugwump:"

Voice on Phone—"John Smith is sick and can't attend classes to-day. He requested me to notify you."

Dr. Wilhelm—"All right, who is this speaking?"

"This is my roommate."

A veteran of the Civil War sends us a curiosity which will no doubt bring back to many readers memories of similar half-forgotten happenings of that conflict. It is an addressed envelope stamped "Due 3" and with a chaplain's name in one corner. The postmark shows that it was mailed at Alexandria, Virginia, April 6, 1863. Near the postmark, under the words "Soldier's Letter," these lines are written:

Postmaster please to shove this through:
I have not a penny—but four months due!

Our subscriber gives this explanation: "To facilitate the soldiers' mail when they did not have the stamps or the money to pay the postage, we were allowed to mail our letters without stamps, postage to be collected at the other end, provided they were viséed by our regimental chaplain, and 'Soldier's Letter' written across one corner of the envelope."

From the "Rural New Yorker:"

"There are still many people who seem to regard the Fall-bearing strawberries as a myth. We picked a fair quantity of good berries on election day."

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Smokeup—"Did yo ebah walk five miles to git some chickens an' fin' de hencoop full o' a bear trap, spring gun, an' dawg?"

Whiffem—"No, big boy, but Ah talked back to a fust sarjint oncet."

An English bull from a provincial paper, as quoted by "Punch:"

"It is said that she was of a quiet, industrious character and when she left home apparently had no intentions of being away for long, as she wore no clothes save what she was wearing."

"How are photographs of the Kaaba at Mecca, such as you printed in The Outlook of November 12, secured, in face of the well-known opposition of Mohammedans to having their holy places pictured, and of the prohibition of Christian travel to Mecca?" So a reader asks.

Many photographs have been taken of Mecca, some by Europeans in disguise and some by Mohammedans with an eye to the commercial value of such pictures. In the case of the photograph used in The Outlook, the negative was bought, by the photographic agency that supplied it, from a Turkish source.

"More than seventy years ago I heard my mother give the following charade as learned in her girlhood," a subscriber writes:

My first lies at many a one's door; my second is used to make bread; my third and fourth are the desire of the multitude; and my whole is one of the United States.

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